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THE
JUVENILE HARMONY,

CONTAINING
A CHOICE COLLECTION OF MORAL AND SACRED SONGS,

DESIGNED FOR
Juvenile Singing Schools, Common Schools, Sunday Schools, Family Circles and
Juvenile Concerts.

BY T. R. WEBER.

AUTHOR OF THE "PENNSYLVANIA CHORAL HARMONY," "NEW HARMONY," &c.

SECOND EDITION.

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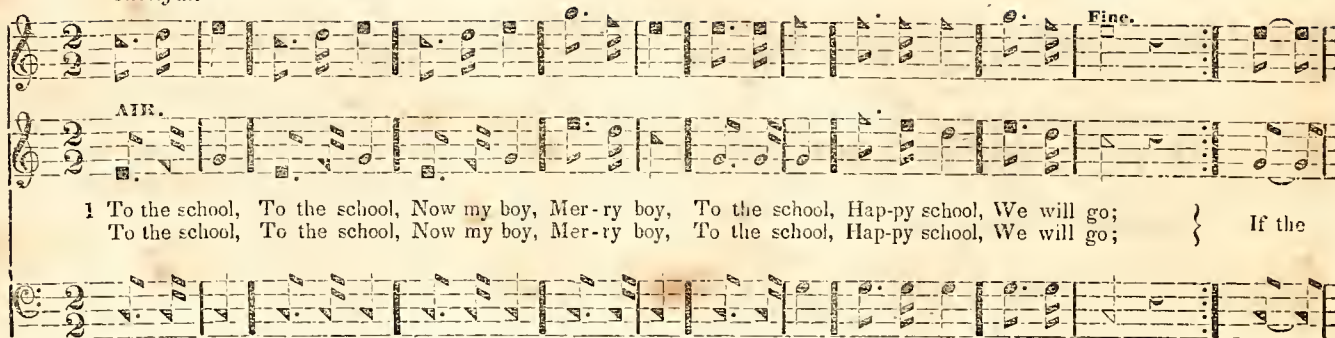
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1 The morning sky is bright and clear;
 Away to Sabbath-school;
 Let each one in the class appear;
 Away to Sabbath-school;
 'Tis there we learn His holy word,
 And find the road that leads to God.
 Away, away, away, away,
 Away to Sabbath-school.

2 In season let us all be there;
 Away to Sabbath-school;
 That we may join the opening prayer;
 Away to Sabbath-school;
 There we can raise our hearts to heaven,
 And praise the Lord for blessings given.
 Away, away, away, away,
 Away to Sabbath-school.

3 Let us remember while at prayer,
 When at the Sabbath-school,
 Our teachers' kindness, and their care,
 Towards our Sabbath-school.
 We'll be submissive, good, and kind,
 And every rule and order mind,
 When we're at school, at Sabbath-school,
 When we're at Sabbath-school.

Boys.
 4 When each at night shall go to prayer,
 We'll ask our God above
Girls.
 T' extend o'er teachers his kind care,
 And crown them with his love.
Boys and Girls.
 And when on earth our time is sped,
 And we are numbered with the dead,
Teachers and Scholars.
 If faithful, we shall meet above;
 We all shall meet above.

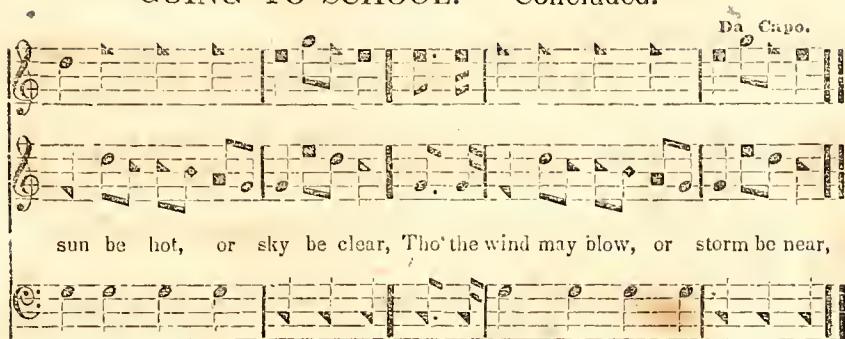
Cheerful.

1 To the school, To the school, Now my boy, Mer-ry boy, To the school, Hap-py school, We will go; } If the
 To the school, To the school, Now my boy, Mer-ty boy, To the school, Hap-py school, We will go;

To the school, To the school, Now my boy, Mer-ry boy. To the school, Hap-py school, We will go.

2 To the school, to the school, now my boy, merry boy,
 To the school, happy school, we will go;
 To the school, to the school, now my boy, merry boy,
 To the school, happy school, we will go;
 To the book and slate, we'll haste with joy,
 And in school our times we'll well employ;
 To the school, to the school, now my boy, merry boy,
 To the school, happy school, we will go.

3 To the school, to the school, now my boy, merry boy,
 To the school, happy school, we will go;
 To the school, to the school, now my boy, merry boy,
 To the school, happy school, we will go;
 While we now are young, the time we'll spend,
 To improve our minds; our hearts amend,—
 To the school, to the school, now my boy, merry boy,
 To the school, happy school, we will go.



To the school, to the school, now my boy, merry boy,
 To the school, happy school, we will go;
 To the school, to the school, now my boy, merry boy,
 To the school, happy school, we will go;
 If the sun be hot, or sky be clear,
 Tho' the wind may blow, or storm be near,
 To the school, to the school, now my boy, merry boy,
 To the school, happy school, we will go.

HYMN 2.

1 Come away, come away, now my boy, merry boy,
 To the fields, bright with dew, we will stray;
 Come away, come away, now my boy, merry boy,
 To the fields, bright with dew, we will stray;
 Now the sun is up, so bright and clear,
 And the morning bird's sweet song we hear:
 Come away, come away, now my boy, merry boy,
 To the fields, bright with dew, we will stray.

2 Come away, come away, now my boy, merry boy,
 To the fields, bright with dew, we will stray;
 Come away, come away, now my boy, merry boy,
 To the fields, bright with dew, we will stray;
 For the new mown hay now fills the air,
 And the wild rose sheds its fragrance there:
 Come away, come away, now my boy, merry boy,
 To the fields, bright with dew, we will stray.

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 2/2 time signature. It contains musical notation with dynamic markings 'F.' (Forte), 'P.' (Piano), and 'M.' (Mezzo-forte). The middle staff is also in treble clef and 2/2 time, marked 'AIR.' at the beginning. The bottom staff is in bass clef and 2/2 time. The lyrics '1 Friends a - wake! A - wake! A - wake! From its slumbers now a - wa - king, Thro' the eas - tern dark-ness breaking,' are written below the middle staff.

1 Friends a - wake! A - wake! A - wake! From its slumbers now a - wa - king, Thro' the eas - tern dark-ness breaking,

The second system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 2/2 time signature. It contains musical notation with dynamic markings 'F.' (Forte), 'P.' (Piano), and 'F.' (Forte). The middle staff is also in treble clef and 2/2 time. The bottom staff is in bass clef and 2/2 time. The lyrics 'See the morn - ing Star— See the morn-ing Star! Friends a - wake! A - wake! A - wake! Friends a - wake!' are written below the middle staff.

See the morn - ing Star— See the morn-ing Star! Friends a - wake! A - wake! A - wake! Friends a - wake!



2 Brother wake! awake! awake!
 Hark! the cheerful lark is singing,
 And the hills and dales are ringing
 With the joyful song—
 With the joyful song!
 Brother wake! awake! awake!
 Brother wake! awake! awake!

3 Sister wake! awake! awake!
 Every thing is now reviving,
 Every one around is striving
 For some new delight—
 For some new delight!
 Sister wake! awake! awake!
 Sister wake! awake! awake!

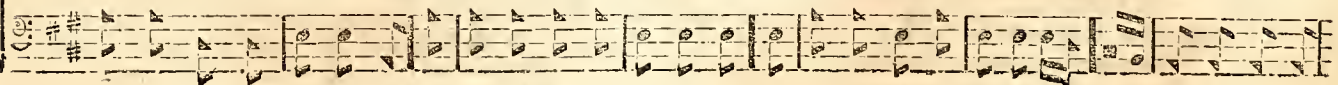
4 All awake! awake! awake!
 See the sun with splendor beaming,
 O'er the distant waters streaming,
 With his glorious light—
 With his glorious light!
 All awake! awake! awake!
 All awake! awake! awake!

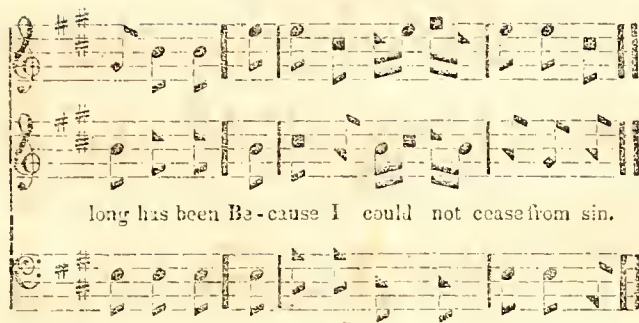


1 Je - sus, my all, to heav'n is gone, He whom I fix my hopes up-on; His track I see, and I'll pur-sue The



nar-row way, till him I view. This is the way I long have sought, And mourn be-cause I found it not; My grief a bur-den



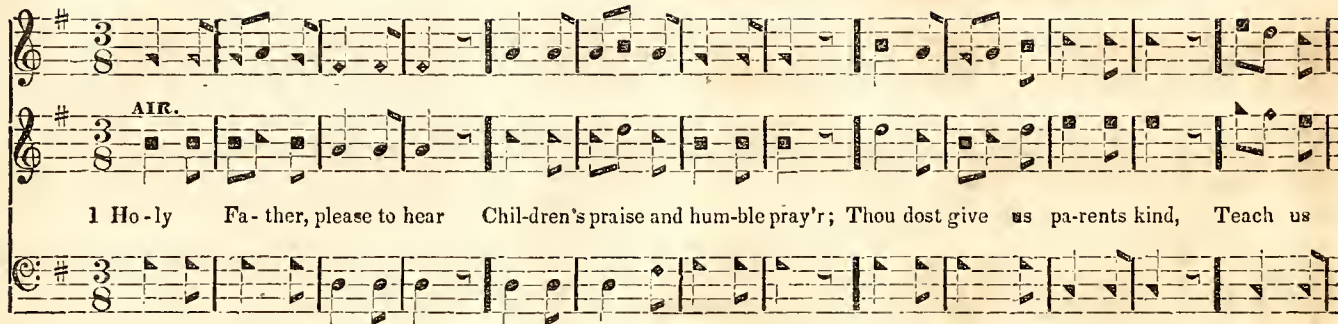


2 Lo! glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb,
 Shall take me to thee as I am;
 Nothing but sin I thee can give,
 Nothing but love shall I receive.
 Then will I tell to sinners round,
 What a dear Saviour I have found;
 I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
 And say, "Behold the way to God."

HYMN 2.

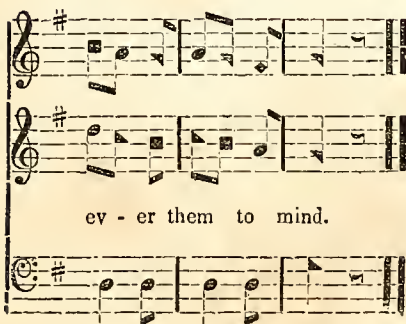
1 Descend from heaven, immortal Dove,
 Stoop down, and take us on thy wings,
 And mount and bear us far above
 The reach of these inferior things;
 Beyond, beyond this lower sky,
 Up where eternal ages roll,
 Where solid pleasures never die,
 And fruits immortal feast the soul.

2 O for a sight, a pleasing sight
 Of our Almighty Father's throne!
 There sits our Saviour crown'd with light,
 Clothed in a body like our own.
 When shall the day, dear Lord appear,
 That I shall mount and dwell above.
 And stand and bow before thee there,
 And view thy face, and sing thy love.



AIR.

1 Ho - ly Fa - ther, please to hear Chil - dren's praise and hum - ble pray'r; Thou dost give us pa - rents kind, Teach us



ev - er them to mind.

2 Food and raiment, home and friends,
All we have thy goodness sends;
And for these our hearts shall raise
Grateful thanks and humble praise.

3 Guide our lives in grace and truth,
Through the tempting scenes of youth;
And when here our trials cease,
O receive our souls in peace.

Fine. *Da Capo.*

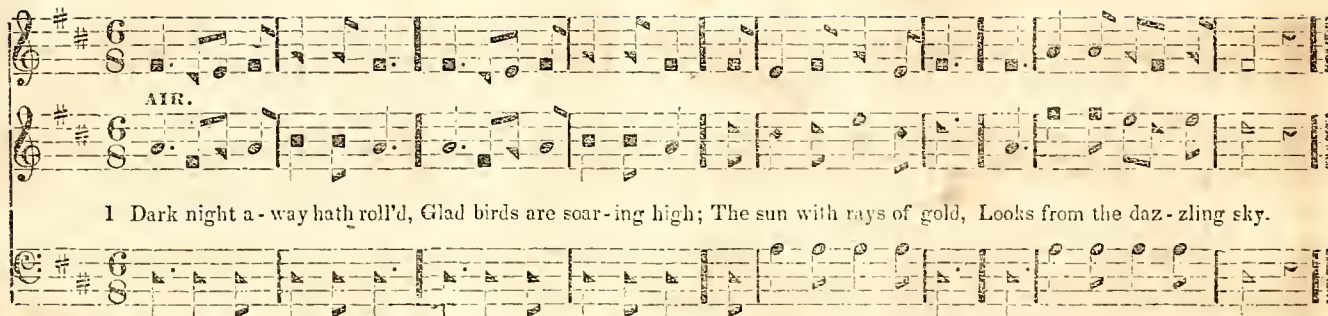
AIR.

1 Lit-tle bird, with bo-som red, Wel-come to my hum-ble shed ; }
 World-ly domes of high de-gree, Have no joys for thee and me ; } Proud and self-ish, fic-kle throng, They'll not heed thy sweetest song.

Lit-tle bird, with bo-som red, Wel-come to my hum-ble shed.

2 Daily to my cottage come,
 To partake thy welcome crumb;
 Doubt not, though thou little be,
 I will kindly notice thee—

Well rewarded should I spy
 Pleasure in thy sparkling eye.
 Little bird, with bosom red,
 Welcome to my humble shed.



1 Dark night a - way hath roll'd, Glad birds are soar - ing high; The sun with rays of gold, Looks from the daz - zling sky.

2 Teach me to thank the Power,
Whose hand sustains me so;
Who o'er each fragrant flower
Bids dews of mercy flow.

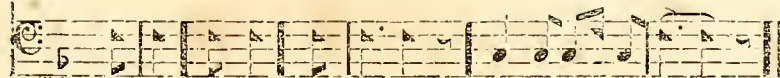
3 O raise my heart above,
Where angel hosts adore;
I'll praise thee for thy love,
And count thy mercies o'er.

Moderato.

1 Days of sum-mer glo-ry, Days I love to see, All thy scenesso bril-liant, They are dear to me;




La la, La la, La la la, They are dear to me.




2 All the day I'm lively, 4 Meadows, fieldsand mountains,
Though the day is long, Clothed in shining green;
And from morn to evening Little, rippling fountains
Sounds my merry song. Through the willows seen.

3 Let my mind be ever 5 Birds that sweetly warble
Bright as yonder sun, All the summer days;
Pure as are the breezes All things speak in music
Just as night comes on, Their Creator's praise.

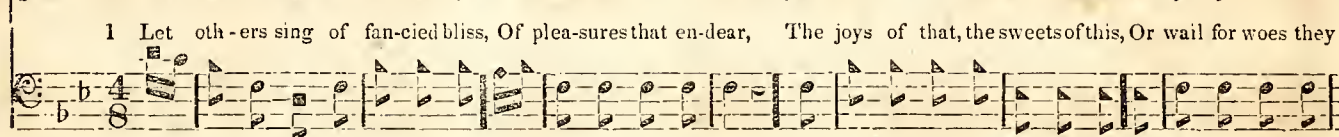
Allegro.





AIR.



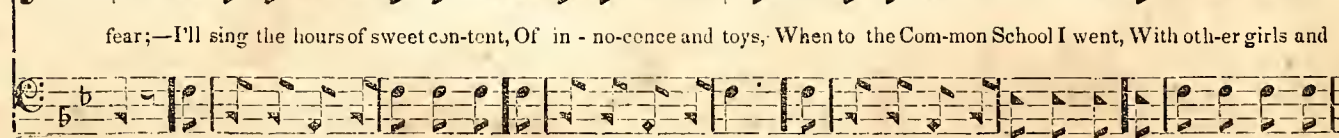
1 Let oth-ers sing of fan-cied bliss, Of plea-sures that en-dear, The joys of that, the sweets of this, Or wail for woes they



Unison.

fear;—I'll sing the hours of sweet con-tent, Of in - no-cence and toys, When to the Com-mon School I went, With oth-er girls and



boys. 'Tis a hap-py theme, Like a gold-en dream Its mem'-ry seems to be, And I'll sing so long as I've voice or tongue.

Unison.

The Com-mon School for me.

2 Together we our whole lives long,
 Would spend in gladness here;
 The glad'ning smile, the cheerful song,
 To us are ever dear.
 Then deeper, deeper will we toil,
 In the mines of knowledge,
 Nature's wealth and learning's spoil,
 We'll win from school and college.
 'Tis a happy theme,
 Like a golden dream
 Its mem'ry seems to be,
 And I'll sing so long
 As I've voice or tongue,
 The Common School for me,

3 As streams are ever gliding,
 As shadows quickly fly,
 As time its course is guiding
 Our hours for study by.
 Oh! let our steps be hasten'd
 From every evil way,
 And let our joy be chasten'd
 By pure religious sway.
 'Tis a happy theme.
 Like a golden dream
 Its mem'ry seems to be,
 And I'll sing so long
 As I've voice or tongue,
 The Common School for me.

Allegro.

1 Oh come, come a-way, From la-bor now re-po-sing, Let bu-sy care a-while for-bear, Oh come, come a-way, ! Come,



come, our so-cial joys re-new, And there, where trust and friend-ship grew, Let true hearts welcome you, Oh come, come a-way.



- | | | |
|---|--|--|
| <p>2 From toil, and the cares
On which the day is closing,
The hour of eve brings sweet reprieve,
Oh come, come away!
Oh! come where love will smile on thee,
And round its hearth shall gladness be,
And time fly merrily.
Oh come, come away!</p> | <p>3 While sweet Philomel
The weary traveller cheering,
With evening songs her note prolongs,
Oh come, come away!
In answering songs of sympathy,
We'll sing in tuneful harmony
Of Hope, Joy, Liberty.
Oh come, come away!</p> | <p>4 The bright day is gone;
The moon and stars appearing,
With silver light illumine the night,
Oh come, come away!
Come join your prayers with ours, address
Kind Heaven, our peaceful home to bless
With Health, Hope, Happiness.
Oh come, come away!</p> |
|---|--|--|

HYMN 2.

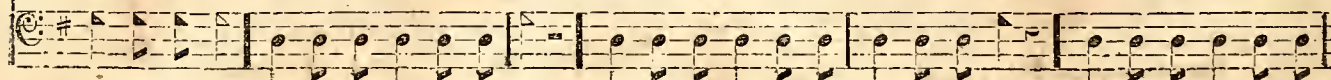
- | | | |
|---|---|--|
| <p>1 O come, let us sing!
Our youthful hearts now swelling
To God above, a God of love—
O come, let us sing!
Our joyful spirits, glad and free,
With high emotions rise to thee,
In heavenly melody—
O come, let us sing!</p> | <p>2 The full notes prolong,
Our festal celebrating,
We hail the day with cheerful la
And full notes prolong.
Both cheerful youth and silvery age,
And childhood pure, the gay, the sage,
These thrilling scenes engage,
Full notes to prolong.</p> | <p>3 O swell, swell the song,
His praises oft repeating;
His Son he gave our souls to save—
O swell, swell the song.
The humble heart's devotion bring,
Whence gushing streams of love do spring,
And make the welkin ring
With sweet-swelling song.</p> |
| <p>4 We'll chant, chant his praise—
Our lofty strains now blending:
A tribute bring to Christ our King,
And chant, chant his praise.
Our Saviour, Prince, was crucified,
"Tis finish'd," then he meekly cried,
And bow'd his head and died—
Then chant, chant his praise!</p> | <p>5 All full chorus join,
To Jesus condescending
To bless our race with heavenly grace,
All full chorus join!
To God, whose mercy on us smiled,
And Holy Spirit, reconciled
By Christ, the meek and mild,
All full chorus join!</p> | |

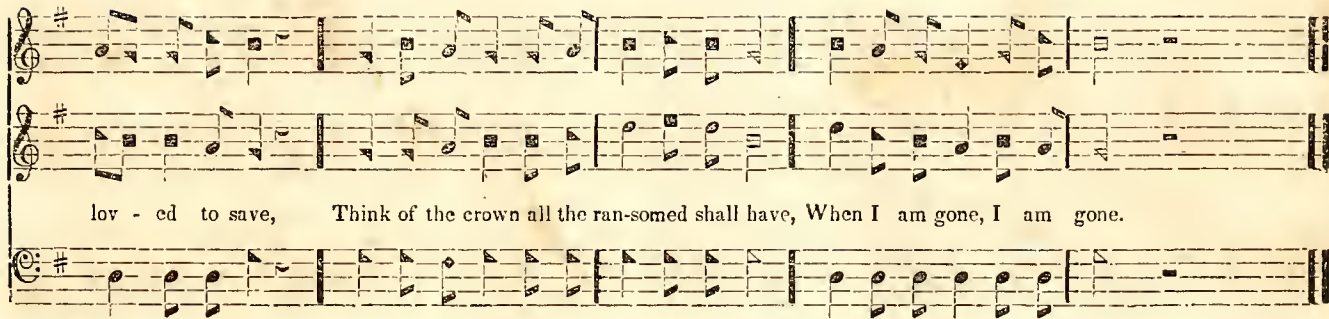


1 Shed not a tear o'er your friend's ear-ly bier, When I am gone, When I am gone; Smile if the slow-toll-ing



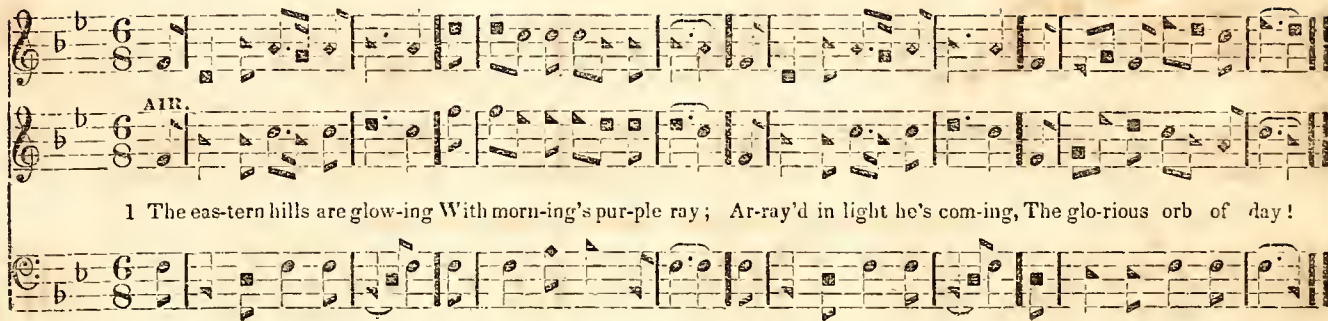
bell you should hear, When I am gone, I am gone. Weep not for me when you stand round my grave, Think who has died his be-





- 2 Shed not a tear when you stand round my grave,
 When I am gone, when I am gone;
 Sing a sweet song unto him who doth save,
 When I am gone, I am gone.
 Sing to the Lamb who on earth once was slain;
 Sing to the Lamb who in Heaven doth reign,
 Sing till the world shall be fill'd with his name,
 When I am gone, I am gone.

- 3 Plant ye a tree, which may wave over me,
 When I am gone, when I am gone;
 Sing ye a song, if my grave you should see,
 When I am gone, I am gone.
 Come, at the close of a bright summer's day,
 Come when the sun sheds his last lingering ray,
 Come, and rejoice that I thus passed away,
 When I am gone, I am gone.

Moderato.

1 The eas-tern hills are glow-ing With morn-ing's pur-ple ray ; Ar-ray'd in light he's com-ing, The glo-rious orb of day !

2 All hail! thou constant emblem
Of him who dwells above!
Of him so great and glorious!
And yet so full of love.

3 How nature now rejoices,
With life and beauty new!
On every grass-blade twinkles
The pearly drop of dew.

4 How good is he who made thee,
Thou glorious orb of day!
With greatful hearts we'll praise him,
In morning's earliest ray.

THE HOBBY HORSE.

3s, 5s & 8s — 6 Lines.

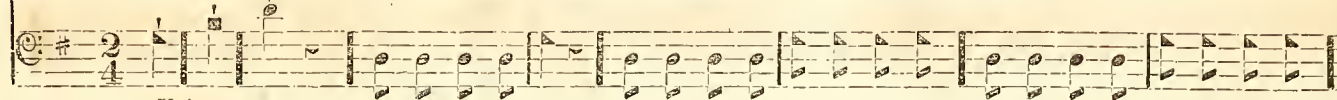
25

Allegro.



1 Hop, hop, hop!

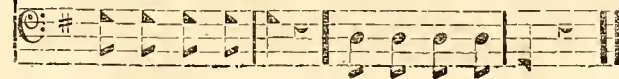
Go and nev - er stop: Where 'tis smooth and where 'tis to-ny, Trudge a - long my lit - tle po - ny,



Unison.



Go, and nev - er stop. Hop, hop, hop, hop, hop.



2 Hey, hey, hey!

Go along I say:

Don't you kick and don't you stumble,

Don't you tire and don't you grumble,

Go along I say,

Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey.

3 Jump, jump, jump!

Don't you hit that stump!

Never will I cease to ride you,

Till I farther yet have tried you;

Shun, I say, that stump!

Jump, jump, jump, jump, jump.



2 Many a crystal rill, remaining
O'er a velvet lea;
For the traveller, weary, wandering,
Lovely sight to see.

3 Verdant hills and forests waving,
On the mountain-side;
Running brooks the green banks laving
With their mimic tide.

4 Rivers vast, in torrents pouring
Into boundless deep,
See, lit up at sunset showering
Fire-flakes, as they sweep.

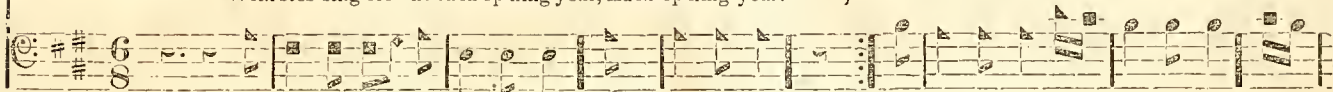
5 Round wild breakers, fiercely dashing,
Foams the stormy sea;
In fair heavens, lightly flashing,
Surges die away.

6 O'er yon tall heights, mantling proudly,
Rise yet many more:
O'er yon ocean, roaring loudly
Others loudly roar.



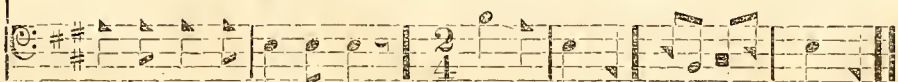
God of our lives! thy con-stant care, Thy con-stant care,
With bles-sing crowns each op'ning year, Each op'ning year.

} These lives, so frail; dost thou pro-long, And



wake a - new our an-nual song:

Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah.



2 We yet survive; but who can say,
Or through the year, or month, or day,
I shall retain my vital breath,
Thus far at least in league with death?

3 That breath is thine, eternal God!
'Tis thine to fix the soul's abode:
We hold our lives from thee alone,
On earth, or in the world unknown.

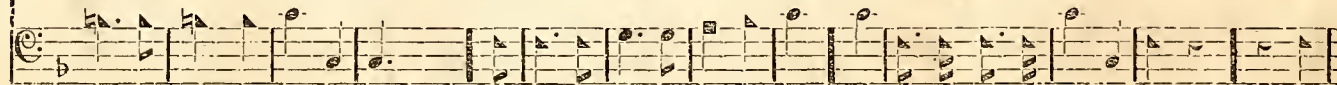
4 To thee we all our pow'rs resign;
Make us and own us still as thine:
Then shall we smile, secure from fear,
Though death should blast the rising year.

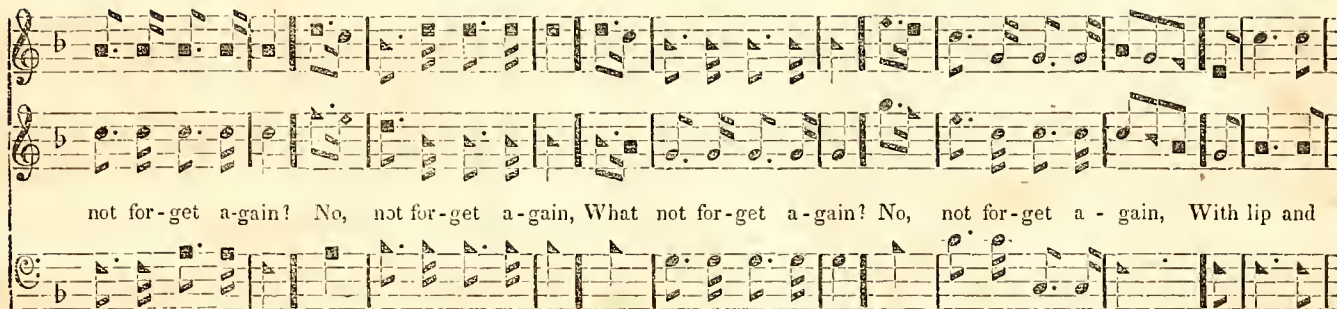


1 There is a friend we ought to love, More than all friends be-side,
His name is Je - sus and his love, For ev - er shall a-(omit.) bide. } Come chil-dren then for now he lives, And

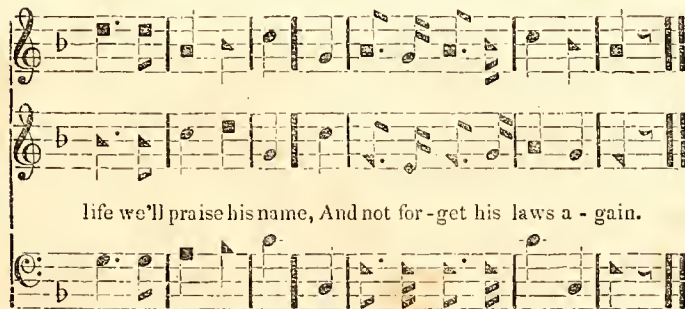


praise from lit-tle ones re-ceives; With lip and life we'll praise his name, And not for-get his laws a-gain. What





not for-get a-gain! No, not for-get a-gain, What not for-get a-gain! No, not for-get a - gain, With lip and



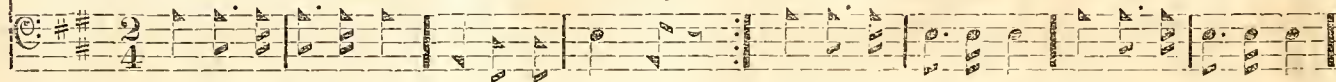
life we'll praise his name, And not for-get his laws a - gain.

- 2 There is a Land we ought to love
 More than all lands beside;
 The land of glory, light and love,
 Where all the saints abide.
 Come children, for this land prepare,
 Tribes of all nations shall be there;
 Oh! then we shall with Jesus reign,
 And never, never, part again.
 What—never part again?
 No—never part again!

Slow.

1 Poor, wil-der'd, weep-ing heart What can re - lieve thee?
Come, sin - ful as thou art, Christ will re - ceive thee?

} Come, though with woop-press'd, Soft is the Sa-viour's breast,



There may'st thou sweet-ly rest, There, naught shall grieve thee.



2 Come, trembling, timid soul,
Why this delaying?
Thunders, that o'er thee roll,
Fall on thee straying.
Turn from destruction's ways:
Turn to the throne of grace;
There seek thy Father's face
Weeping and praying.

3 "Hence, guilty fear and doubt,
Leave me for ever!
Lord, wilt thou cast me out?
Never—O, never!
From unbelief of mind,
From thought to sin inclin'd,
From flesh and hell combin'd,
Thou wilt deliver."



1 Now I have found the ground where-in Sure my soul's an-chor may re-main. } His mer-cy shall un-sha-ken stay, When
The love of God for-giv-ing sin, Though Je-sus cru-ci-fied and slain. }



His mer-cy shall un-sha-ken stay, When heav'n and earth have pass'd a-way.



heav'n and earth have pass'd a-way,



3*

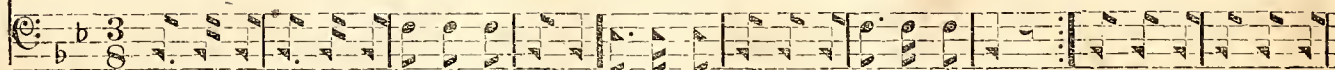
2 Father! thine everlasting grace
Our scanty thought surpasses far;
Thine heart still melts with tenderness,
Thine arms of love still open are;
And Jesus' blood, through earth and skies,
Mercy, free, boundless mercy, eries.

3 Though waves and storms go o'er my head,
Though strength and health and friends be gone,
Though joys be wither'd all and dead,
Though ev'ry comfort be withdrawn:
On this my steadfast soul relies,
Father, thy mercy never dies.

4 Fix'd on this ground will I remain,
Though my heart fail and strength decay,
This anchor shall my soul sustain,
When earth's foundations melt away.
Mercy's full pow'r I then shall prove,
Lov'd with an everlasting love.



1 Bright-est and best of the sons of the morn-ing, Dawn on our dark-ness and lend us thine aid;
 Star of the east, the ho-ri-zon a-dorn-ing, Guide where our in-fant Re-deem-er is laid. } Say shall we yield him, in



Gems of the moun-tain and pearls of the o-cean, Myrrh from the for-est, or gold from the mine?



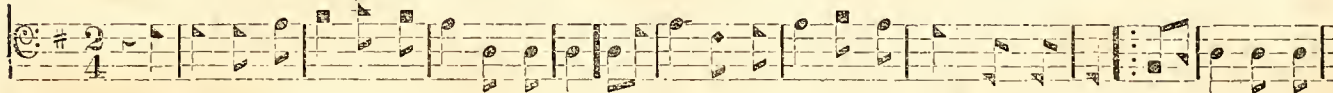
cost-ly de-vo-tion, O-dors of E-den and off'-rings di-vine?



2 Cold on his eradle the dew drops are shining,
 Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;
 Angels, adore him, in slumbers reeling,
 Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.
 Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
 Vainly with gifts would his favor secure!
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.



1 While beau-ty and youth are now in their full prime, And fol - ly and fash-ion af - fect our whole time, O let not the



phan-tom our wish - es en-gage, Let's live so in youth that we blush not in age.



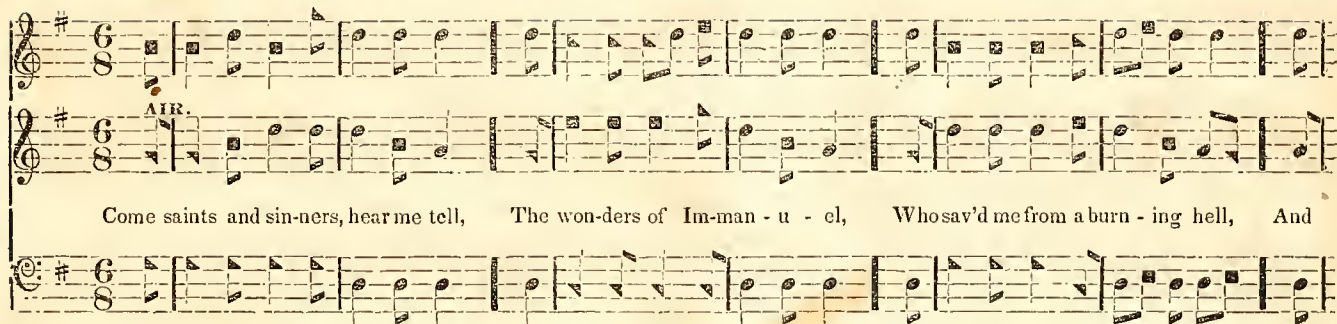
HYMN 2.

- 1 The Lord is our shepherd,
Our guardian, and guide;
Whatever we want,
He will kindly provide.
To sheep of his pasture,
His mercies abound,
His care and protection
* His flock will surround.

Mi Fa Sol Fa Mi Sol Sol Mi La Sol Sol Sol Mi Mi Mi Do Mi Ra Ra Do Si Sol Sol Sol Sol Sol Sol
 Do Ra Mi Ra Do Sol Mi Sol Fa Mi Ra Mi Sol Sol Sol Mi Sol Sol Fa Mi Ra Ra Ra Ra Mi Fa Mi
 Come a-way to the skies, My be-lov-ed a-rise And re-joice in the day thou was born: On this fes-ti-val day,
 Do Do Do Sol La Sol Do Do Fa Sol Sol Do Do Do Do Do Si Si Do Sol Sol Sol Sol Sol Sol Do

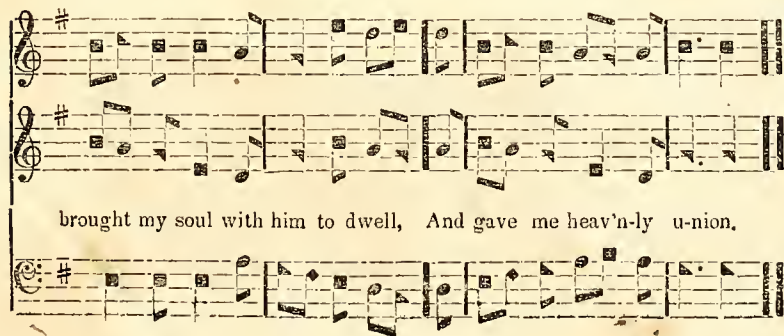
2 We have laid up our love,
 And our treasure above,
 Though our bodies continue below:

The redeem'd of the Lord,
 We remember his word,
 And with singing to Paradise go:
 And with singing to Paradise go.



AIR.

Come saints and sin-ners, hear me tell, The won-ders of Im-man - u - el, Whosav'd me from a burn - ing hell, And



brought my soul with him to dwell, And gave me heav'n-ly u-nion.

2 When Christ, the saviour, from on high
Beheld my soul in ruins lie,
He look'd on me with pit'ing eye,
And said to me as he pass'd by,
With God you have no union.

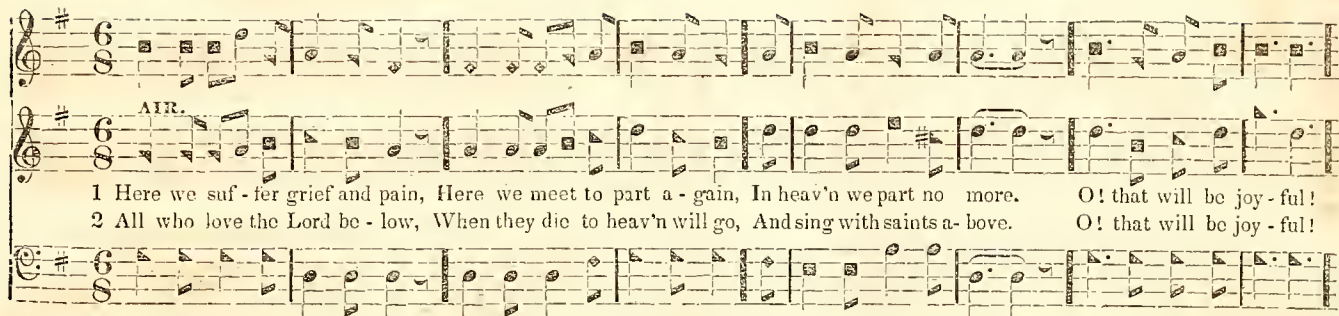
3 Then I began to weep and ery,
I look'd this way and that to fly,
It griev'd me sore that I must die,
I strove salvation for to buy,
But still I had no union.

1 Ye cap-tives res-tor'd, and saints of the Lord, Who fol-low the lamb and are led by his word Let's, read it and see if

we can a - gree, And pray for the spir-it our lead - er to be.

HYMN 2.

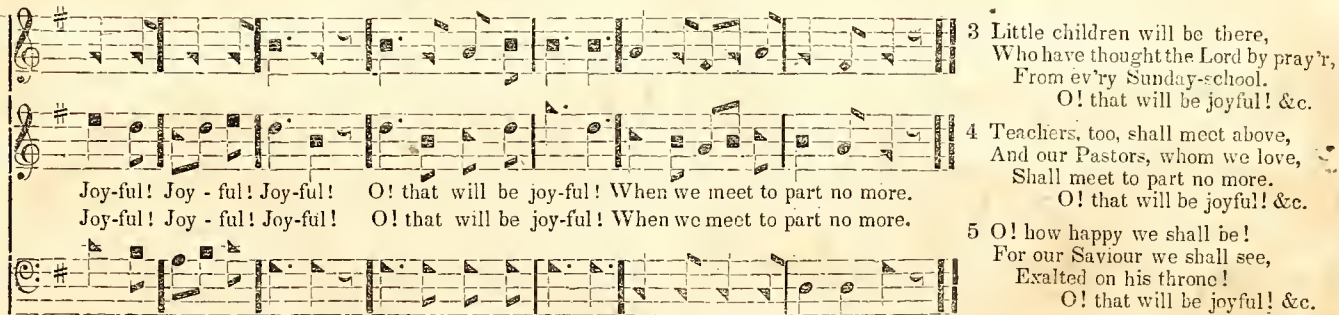
- 1 Oh! praise ye the Lord, prepare a new song,
And let all his saints in full concert join;
With voices united, the anthem prolong,
And show forth his praises in music divine.
- 2 Let praise to the Lord, who made us, ascend,
Let each grateful heart be glad in its King:
The God whom we worship our songs will attend,
And view with complaisance the off-rings we bring.



AIR.

1 Here we suf-fer grief and pain, Here we meet to part a - gain, In heav'n we part no more. O! that will be joy-ful!

2 All who love the Lord be - low, When they die to heav'n will go, And sing with saints a - bove. O! that will be joy-ful!



3 Little children will be there,
Who have thought the Lord by pray'r,
From ev'ry Sunday-school.
O! that will be joyful! &c.

4 Teachers, too, shall meet above,
And our Pastors, whom we love,
Shall meet to part no more.
O! that will be joyful! &c.

5 O! how happy we shall be!
For our Saviour we shall see,
Exalted on his throne!
O! that will be joyful! &c.

There we all shall sing with joy,
And eternity employ,

In praising Christ the Lord.
O! that will joyful! &c.

THE MOON.

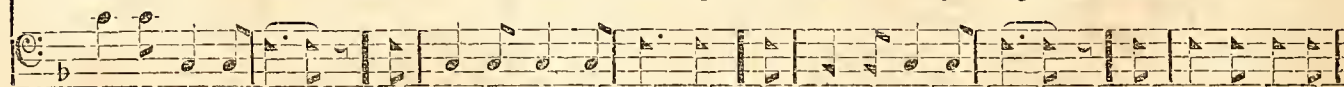
7s & 6s — 8 Lines.

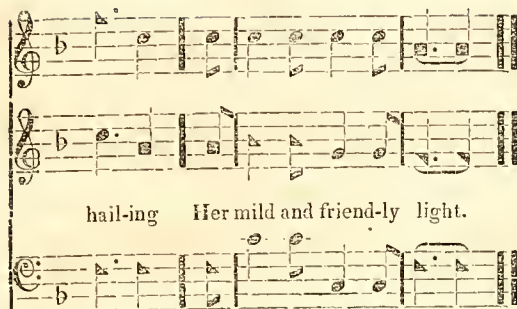


1 The sil-v'ry moon ad - van - ces In mod - est dig - ni - ty: Who 'mid the star - ry dan - ces So



beau-ti - ful as she? See where she comes, soft steal - ing A - cross the stil - ly night! How man - y hearts are





- 2 Our eyes she gently closes
 When daily toil is o'er;
 The weary earth reposes
 Beneath the soothing pow'r.
 She comes with night-dews healing
 The soul with pain distress'd
 She wakes the sweetest feeling
 Within the lonely breast.

HYMN 2.

- 1 Come, soft and lovely ev'ning,
 Spread o'er the grassy fields;
 We love the peaceful feeling,
 Thy silent coming yields.
 See where the clouds are weaving,
 A rich and golden chain;
 See how the darken'd shadow
 Extends along the plain.

- 2 All nature now is silent,
 Except the passing breeze,
 And birds their night-song warbling,
 Among the dewy trees.
 Sweet ev'ning thou art with us,
 So tranquil, mild, and still;—
 Thou dost, our thankful bosoms,
 With humble praises fill.

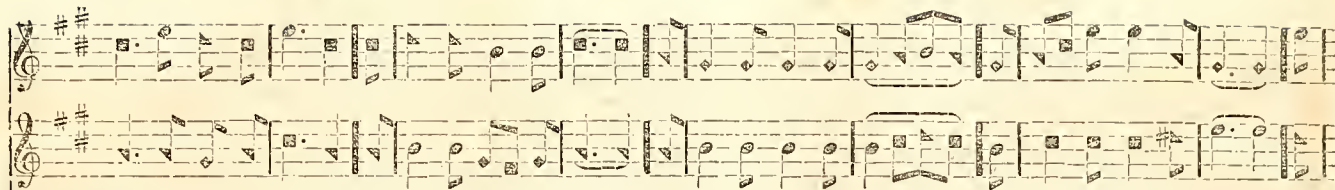


1 How pleas-ant thus to dwell be-low In fel-low-ship of love; } The good shall meet a - bove, The good shall meet a -
And though we part, 'tis bliss to know The good shall meet a - bove. }

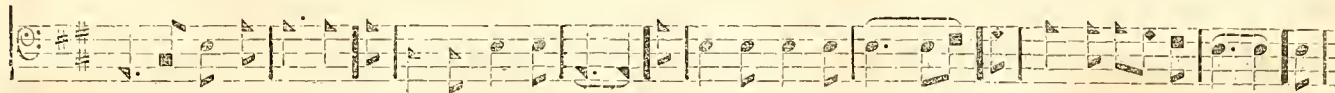


bove; And though we part 'tis bliss to know The good shall meet a - bove. O! that will be joy - ful, Joy - ful! Joy - ful!

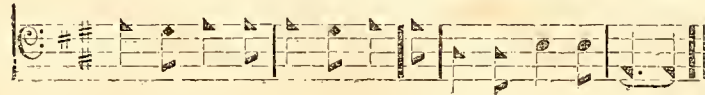




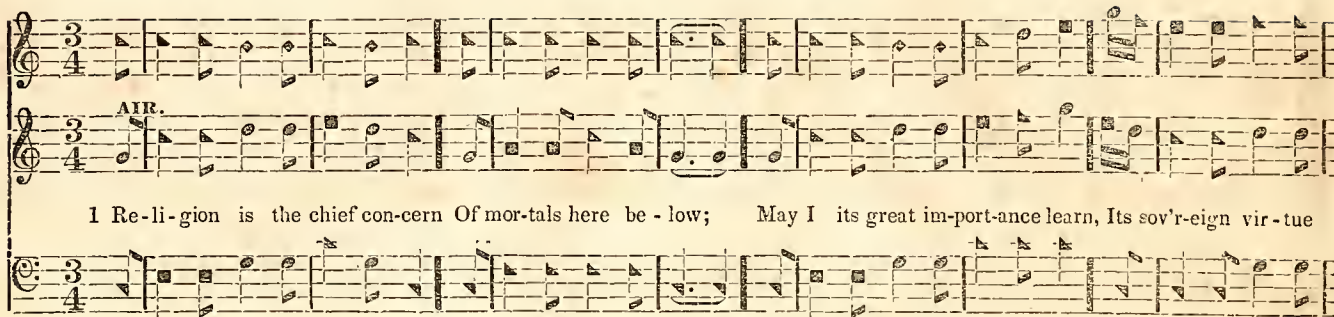
O! that will be joy-ful, To meet to part no more, To meet to part no more, On Ca-naan's hap-py shore, And



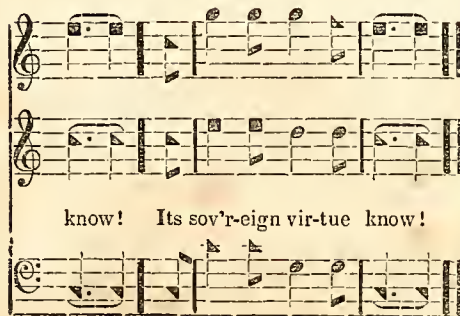
sing the ev-er-last-ing song, With those who've gone be-fore.



- 2 Yes, happy thought! when we are free
From earthly grief and pain
In heaven we shall each other see
And never part again.
- 3 The children who have loved the Lord
Shall hail their Teachers there;
And teachers gain their rich reward
Of all their toil and care.
- 4 Then let us each, in strength divine,
Still walk in wisdom's ways;
That we, with those we love may join
In never-ending praise,



1 Re-li-gion is the chief con-cern Of mor-tals here be - low; May I its great im-port-ance learn, Its sov'r-eign vir-tue



2 More needful this, than glitt'ring wealth, 3 Religion should our thoughts engage,
Or aught the world bestow; Amidst our youthful bloom;
Nor reputation, food, or health, 'Twill fit us for declining age,
Can give us such repose. And for the silent tomb.

know! Its sov'r-eign vir-tue know!

4 O may my heart, by grace renew'd, 5 Let deep repentance, faith, and love,
Be my Redeemer's throne; Be join'd with godly fear;
And be my stubborn will subdu'd, And all my conversation prove
His government to own. My heart to be sincere.



Sol Mi Do Do Do La Sol Sol Mi Fa Ra Mi Fa Sol La Sol Fa Mi Ra Ra Mi Fa Fa Mi Ra La La Sol Fa Mi
 The A, B, C, Is plea-sant to me, I'm learn-ing it all the day; When-ev-er I look In a prin-ted book,



Sol Sol La Sol Sol Fa Mi Ra Sol Mi Mi Mi Sol Ra Ra Ra Sol Sol Mi Sol Fa Ra Mi Do
 I see noth-ing but C, B, A, There's A, B, C, To X, Y, Z; All o-ver is A, B, C.

2 I'm glad to know
 The fine little row,
 The letters both great and small,
 My D, E, F, G,
 My M, N, O, P.
 My X, Y, Z and all;
 Say A, B, C,
 To X, Y, Z,
 Say X, Y, Z and all.

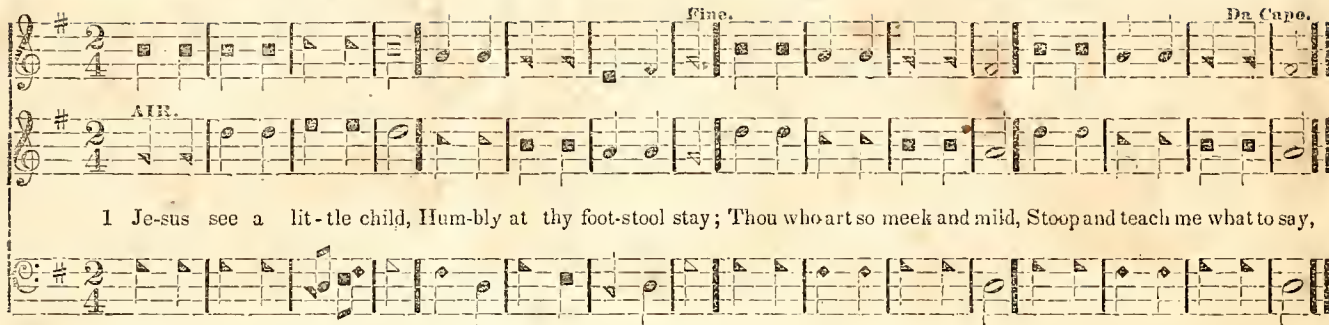
3 I now will learn
 Them all in turn,
 The large letters and the small;
 And soon I shall spell,
 And pronounce very well,
 When I shall have learn'd them all.
 Say A, B, C,
 To X, Y, Z;
 I'm going to learn them all.

4 If I can fix
 These marks twenty-six,
 In my little careless head,
 I'll read every book
 As soon as I look
 At the letters all over spread;
 Say A, B, C,
 To X, Y, Z,
 And the letters all over it spread.

5 The bees and the flies
 Have nice little eyes,
 But they never can read like me;

They crawl on the book,
 And they seem to look,
 But they never learn A, B, C;

Say A, B, C,
 To X, Y, Z,
 They cannot learn A, B, C.



Thou who art so meek and mild, Stoop and teach me what to say.

2 Though thou art so great and high,
 Thou dost view with smiling face,
 Little children when they cry,
 "Saviour, guide us by thy grace."

3 Show me what I ought to be,
 Make me every evil shun;
 Thee, in all things may I see,
 In the holy footsteps run.

4 Jesus, all my sins forgive;
 Make me lowly, pure in heart;
 For thy glory may I live,
 Then be with thee where thou art!



- 1 Once a-gain with an - i - ma - tion, In this plea-sing month of May, We - re - peat our eel - e - bra - tion, And en-joy the
 2 Parents, teachers, friends and neighbors, Met with us this wel-come hour; Thanks for all your cares and la - bors, In our grate-ful



Girls. Tutti.



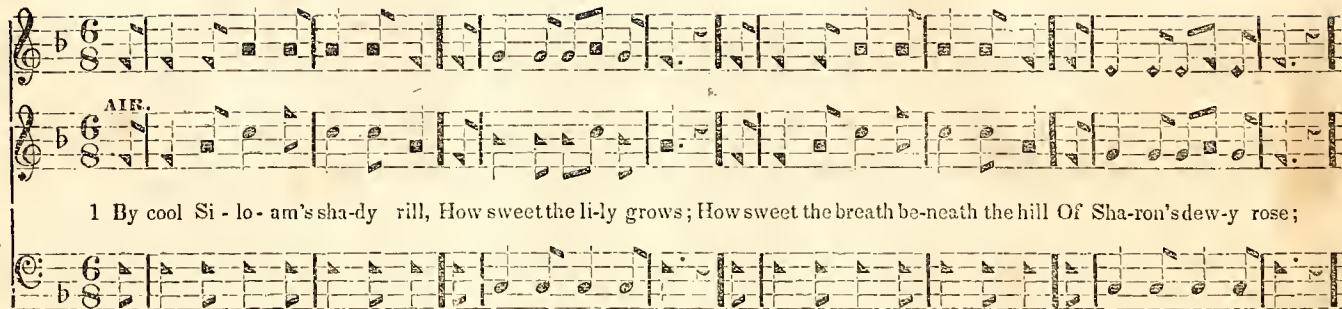
fes-tive day; Notes of praise, Notes of praise To heav'n we raise, To heav'n we raise,
 songs we pour, Notes of praise, Notes of praise To heav'n we raise, To heav'n we raise,



- 3 And let gratitude awaken,
 To the God who rules above;
 He hath never yet forsaken,
 Nor withheld his tender love.
 Notes of praise, &c.

- 4 We—so full of sin and folly,
 Oft forget and disbelieve;
 He—so excellent, and holy,
 Still is waiting to forgive.
 Notes of praise, &c.

- 5 To his arms we're yet invited:
 'Tis the Savior bids us come:
 Let us then, with hearts united,
 Seek through him a heav'nly home
 Notes of praise, &c.



1 By cool Si - lo - am's sha-dy rill, How sweet the li-ly grows; How sweet the breath be-neath the hill Of Sha-ron's dew-y rose;

2 By cool Siloam's shady rill,
 The lily must decay:
 The rose that blooms beneath the hill
 Must shortly fade away;
 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
 Of man's maturer age,
 May shake the soul with sorrow's pow'r
 And stormy passion's rage.

3 O Thou, whose infancy was found
 With heav'nly rays to shine,
 Whose years with changeless virtue crown'd
 Where all alike divine,
 Dependent on thy bounteous breath
 We seek thy grace alone;
 In childhood, manhood, and in youth,
 To keep us still thy own.



And such the child whose ear-ly feet The paths of peace have trod, Whose secret heart with influence sweet, Is up-ward drawn to God.

HYMN 2.

1 Remember thy Creator,
 While youth's fair spring is bright;
 Before thy eares are greater,
 Before comes age's night;
 While yet the sun shines o'er thee,
 While stars the darkness cheer;
 While life is all before thee,
 Thy great Creator fear.

2 Remember thy Creator
 Before thy dust returns
 To earth—for 'tis its nature—
 And life's last ember burns:
 Before, with God who gave it,
 The spirit shall appear;
 He cries who died to save it,
 Thy great Creator fear.

AIR.

1 Hail! Co-lum-bia, hap-py land! Hail! ye he-roes heav'n born band; Who fought and bled in free-dom's cause,

Who fought and bled in free-dom's cause, And when the storm of war is gone, en-joy the peace your val-our won; Let

HAIL COLUMBIA. — Continued.

53



in - de-pend-ence be your boast; Ev - er mind-ful what it cost, Ev - er grate-ful for the prize, Let its al-tar



reach the skies. Firm u - ni - ted, let us be, Ral - ly - ing round our lib - er - ty, As a band of



HAIL COLUMBIA. — Concluded.



broth-ers join'd, Peace and safe-ty we shall find.

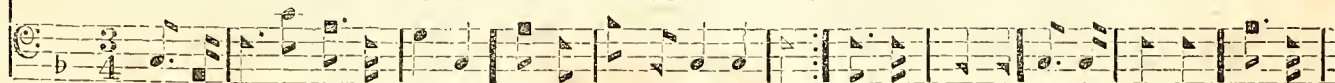
3 Sound, sound the trump of fame!
 Let Washington's great name
 Ring through the world with loud applause! ::
 Let ev'ry elime to freedom dear,
 Listen with a joyful ear!
 With equal skill, and godlike power,
 He governs in the fearful hour
 Of horrid war; or guides with ease
 The happier times of honest peace.
 Firm, united, let us be,
 Rallying round our liberty;
 As a band of brothers join'd,
 Peace and safety we shall find.

2 Immortal patriots, rise once more!
 Defend your rights, defend your shore!
 Let no rude foe, with impious hand, ::
 Invade the shrine where sacred lies,
 Of toil and blood, the well-earn'd prize;
 While off'ring peace, sincere and just,
 In Heaven we place a manly trust
 That truth and justice will prevail,
 And every scheme of bondage fail.
 Firm, united, let us be,
 Rallying round our liberty;
 As a band of brothers join'd,
 Peace and safety we shall find.

4 Behold the chief who now commands!
 Once more serve his country stands!
 The rock on which the storm will beat; ::
 But, arm'd in virtue, firm and true,
 His hopes are fix'd on Heaven and you,
 When hope was sinking in dismay;
 When blooms obscured Columbia's day;
 His steady mind, from changes free,
 Resolved on death or liberty!
 Firm, united, let us be,
 Rallying round our liberty;
 As a band of brothers join'd,
 Peace and safety we shall find.



Guide me, O thou great Je-ho-vah, Pil-grim through this barren land; }
 I am weak, but thou art migh-ty, Hold me with thy pow'rful hand, } Bread of heav - en, Bread of heav - en, Feed me



Unison.



2 Open thou the crystal fountain,
 Whence the healing streams do flow,
 Let the fiery, cloudly pillar
 Lead me all my journey through:
 Strong Deliv'rer,
 Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside;
 Death of deaths, and hell's Destruction,
 Send me safe on Canaan's side:
 Songs of praises
 I will ever live to Thee.

till I want no more.

My coun-try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty—Of thee I sing: Land, where my fathers died; Land of the Pil-grim's pride;

From ev' - ry moun-tain side, Let free-dom ring.

God bless our native land, firm may she ever stand,
 Through storm and night,
 When the wild tempests rave, Ruler of wind and wave!
 Do thou our country save, by the great might.

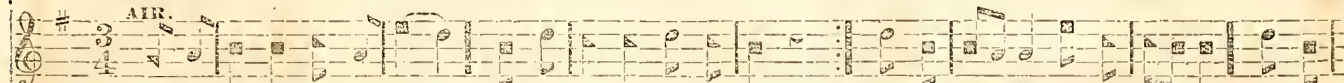
2 My native country! thee—
 Land of the noble free—
 Thy name I love:
 I love thy rocks and rills,
 Thy woods and templed hills;
 My heart with rapture thrills,
 Like that above.

4 Our Father's God! to thee—
 Author of liberty!
 To thee we sing;
 Long may our land be bright,

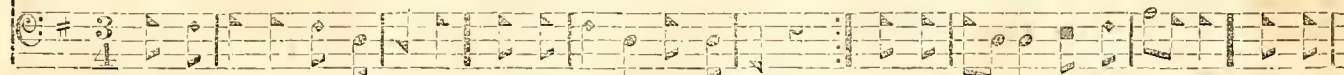
3 Let music swell the breeze,
 And ring from all the trees
 Sweet freedom's song:
 Let mortal tongues awake,
 Let all that breathe partake,
 Let rocks their silence break
 The sound prolong.

With freedom's holy light—
 Protect us by thy might,
 Great God, our King.

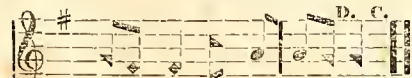
For her our pray'r shall rise, to God above the skies,
 On him we wait;
 Thou who hast heard each sigh, watching each weeping eye,
 Be thou for ever nigh: God save the state.



1 Love di-vine, all love ex-cel-ling, Joy of heav'n to earth come down!
 Fix in us thy hum-ble dwel-ling, All thy faith-ful mer-cies crown; } Je-sus! thou art all com-pas-sion, Vis-it



Pure un-bound-ed love thou art; En-ter ev'-ry tremb-ling heart.



us with thy sal - va - tion,



- 2 Breathe, O breathe thy lovely spirit
 Into every troubled breast!
 Let us all in thee inherit,
 Let us find thy promis'd rest;
 Take away the love of sinning,
 End of faith, as its beginning,
 Alpha and Omega be,
 Set our hearts at liberty.
- 3 Come! almighty to deliver,
 Let us all thy life receive!
 Suddenly return, and never,
 Never more thy temples leave!
 Thee we would be always blessing,
 Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
 Serve thee as thy hosts above;
 Glory in thy precious love.

Piano.

Do do mi mi sol sol sol sol Ra ra mi mi sol fa mi Sol sol sol sol sol sol sol sol
He will grant you ev'-ry bles-sing,

AIR.

Sol sol do sol do mi ra ra Sol sol sol do mi ra do Fa mi ra mi fa sol fa ra
Come, ye chil-dren, and a - dore him, Lord of all he reigns a - bove; }
Come and wor-ship now be - fore him, He hath call'd you by his love. } He will grant you ev'-ry bles-sing,

Do do do do mi do sol sol Sol sol do la sol sol do Sol sol sol sol sol sol sol sol
He will grant you ev'-ry bles-sing,

TEACHERS.

- 1 Come, ye children, and adore him,
Lord of all, he reigns above;
Come, and worship now before him,
He hath call'd you by his love.
He will grant you every blessing,
Of his all-abounding grace:
Come, with humble hearts expressing
All your gratitude and praise.

CHILDREN.

- 2 On this holy day of gladness,
We will join in praises meet;
Every bosom free and sadness—
All with happiness replete.
O to feel the love of Jesus!
O to know that from above
Still our heavenly Father sees us
With an eye of tender love!

TEACHERS.

- 3 Dearest children, now adore him:
Swell aloud the joyful strain:
Let the nations bow before him—
Echo back the notes again.
While he will accept the praises
E'en from every heart and tongue;
Those to him an infant raises,
Still are sweetest of the song.

Forte.

Do do do do do do do Mi mi mi mi sol sol sol sol Ra ra mi mi sol fa mi
Of his all a-bound-ing grace;

Sol fa mi fa sol la sol mi Sol sol do sol do mi ra ra Sol sol sol do mi ra do
Of his all a-bound-ing grace; Come with hum-ble hearts, ex - pres-sing All your grat-i-tude and praise.

Do do do do do do do Do do do do mi do sol sol Sol sol do la sol sol do
Of his all a-bound-ing grace;

CHILDREN.

4 Lord of all, our hearts' oblation
Now ascends to thee alone;
We would come, with all the nation,
Now to worship at thy throne.
Teachers! will you join the chorus?
Join in hymning forth his praise,
Who, for our redemption shows us
All the riches of his grace.

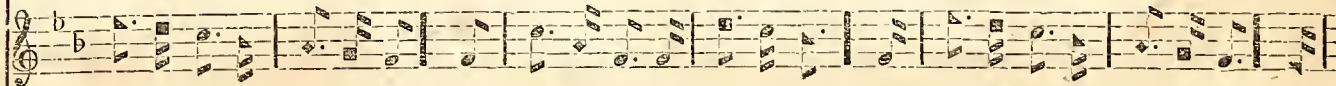
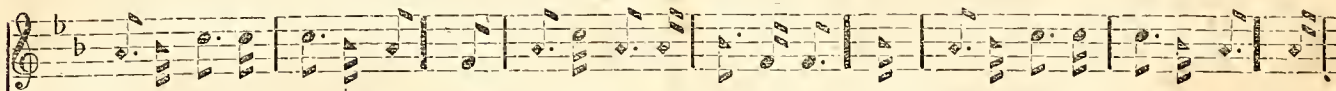
TEACHERS AND CHILDREN.

5 Praise to thee, O Lord, for ever!
Gladly now we all unite;
Praise to thee, O God! the giver,
Blessed Lord, of life and light!
Ransom'd nation, spread the story;
Rescued people, ne'er give o'er;
All his grace and all his glory
O proclaim for evermore!

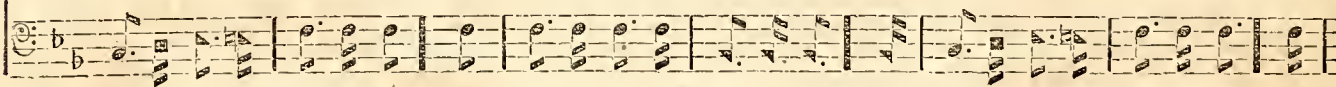


God is our ref-uge ev-er near,
There-fore his peo-ple shall not fear,

Our help in trib-u-la-tion:
A-mid a-wrec'd cre-a-tion; } Tho' moun-tains from their base be hurl'd, And



o-cean shake the sol-id world, Tho' moun-tains from their base be hurl'd And o-cean shake the sol-id world, The





- 2 The stream that flows from Zion's hill,
 Shall yet, serenely gliding,
 With joy the holy city fill,
 His presence there abiding;
 The Lord, her glory and defence,
 Will grace his chosen residence,
 The Lord, her glory and defence,
 Will grace his chosen residence,
 His timely aid providing.

ROUND FOR FOUR VOICES.



Sol Sol Sol sol sol sol Sol Sol Sol sol sol Sol Sol sol sol

AIR.

Mi Mi Mi ra mi sol fa Ra Ra Ra do ra mi Mi Mi Mi ra mi
Soft, Soft mu - sic is steal-ing, Sweet, Sweet, lin - gers the strain, Loud, Loud now it is

Do Do Do do do sol sol Sol Sol Sol sol sol do Do Do Do do do

2 Join, join! children of sadness,
Send, send! sorrow away,
Now, now, changing to gladness,
Warble the beautiful lay.

Yes, yes, yes, yes, warble the beautiful lay.

3 Hope, hope, fair and enduring,
Joy, joy, bright as the day,
Love, love, heaven ensuring,
Sweetly invite you away,

Yes, yes, yes, yes, sweetly invite you away.

The musical score consists of three staves, each with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are written below the notes, with some words in English and others in solfège (sol, fa, mi, do, etc.).

Staff 1:
 sol sol Sol sol sol ra sol fa mi Do Do Sol Sol Sol sol sol ra sol fa mi

Staff 2:
 sol fa Ra di ra sol fa ra do La Sol Fa Mi Ra di ra sol fa ra do
 peal - ing, Wak - ing the ech-oes a - gain. Yes, Yes, Yes, Yes, Wak-ing the ech-oes a - gain.

Staff 3:
 sol sol Sol sol sol sol sol sol do Sol Do Sol Do Sol sol sol sol sol sol do

HOME.

1 Home, home, can I forget thee?
 Dear, dear, dearly loved home;
 No, no, still I regret thee,
 Though I may far from thee roam
 Home, Home,
 Dearest and happiest home.

2 Home, home, why did I leave thee?
 Dear, dear friends do not mourn:
 Home, home, once more receive me,
 Quickly to thee I'll return.
 Home, Home,
 Dearest and happiest home.

Do mi sol mi sol mi ra ra ra Ra mi sol mi sol mi ra Ra sol sol sol la sol sol mi Do sol sol sol la sol

AIR.
Sol do mi sol mi do si ra fa Ra do mi sol mi do sol Sol ra ra ra do ra mi sol Mi ra ra ra do ra

1 When ear-ly morn-ing's rud-dy light Bids man to la - bor go,
We haste with scythes all sharp and bright, The mea-dow's grass to mow. } We mowers—dal de ral dey! We cut the li - lies and—

Do do do do do sol sol sol Sol do do do do sol Sol sol sol sol sol sol do do Do sol sol sol sol sol

3 The maidens come in gladsome train,
And skip along their way,
Rejoiced to tread the grassy plain,
And toss the new-mown hay.
The maidens,—dal-de, &c.
They rake the lilies and—ha! &c.
They rake the lilies and hay.

4 In jokes, and jests, and lively din,
And songs of merry cheer,
We lads and lasses happy join,
With none to make us fear;—
We're freemen,—dal-de, &c.
We're freemen while we make—ha! &c.
We're freemen while we make hay.

5 When evening, with its dewy fall,
Begins at length to come,
The hay in lusty cocks we roll,
And bear it gladly home:—
What's better,—dal-de, &c.
What's better than to make—ha! &c.
What's better than to make hay?

The musical score is written on three staves, each with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The notes are accompanied by the following lyrics:

mi do mi mi do mi fa La la fa mi sol sol Sol sol sol ra sol sol mi
do mi sol do mi sol la Fa fa la sol mi mi Mi ra ra sol fa ra do
ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! hay; Hey-day! yes, hay-hey-day! We cut the li - lies and hay.
do do do do do do fa Fa fa fa do do do Do sol sol sol sol sol do

The cheerful lark sings sweet and clear,
The black-bird chirps away,
And all is lively, sprightly here,
Like merry, merry May.
We mowers,—dal-de, &c.
We roll the swaths of green,—ha! &c.
We roll the swaths of green hay.

6 We fill our barns with ample store,
To feed the flock and herd,
And thus, till winter's waste is o'er,
No famine's blight is feared:—
We mowers,—dal-de, &c.
We mowers love to make—ha! &c.
We mowers love to make hay.

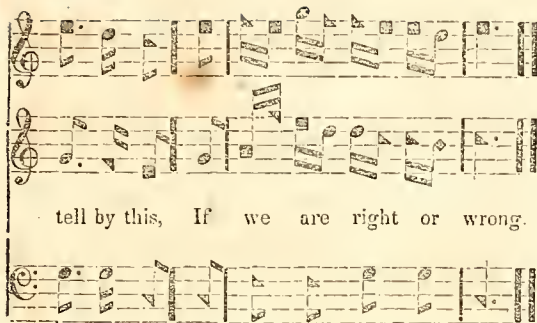
7 And when the harvest all is done,
We give our joys the wing,
And happy voices, all as one,
Make heaven with music ring!
Thrice hail ye!—dal-de, &c.
Thrice hail ye! ye who make—ha! &c.
Thrice hail ye! ye who make hay.

Musical notation for the first system of the hymn. It consists of three staves. The top two staves are in treble clef with a 2/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef. The melody is written on the top staff, and the bass line is on the bottom staff. The lyrics are written below the staves.

1 To do to oth - ers as I would That they should do to me, Will make me hon - est, kind and good, As

Musical notation for the second system of the hymn. It consists of three staves. The top two staves are in treble clef with a 2/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef. The melody is written on the top staff, and the bass line is on the bottom staff. The lyrics are written below the staves.

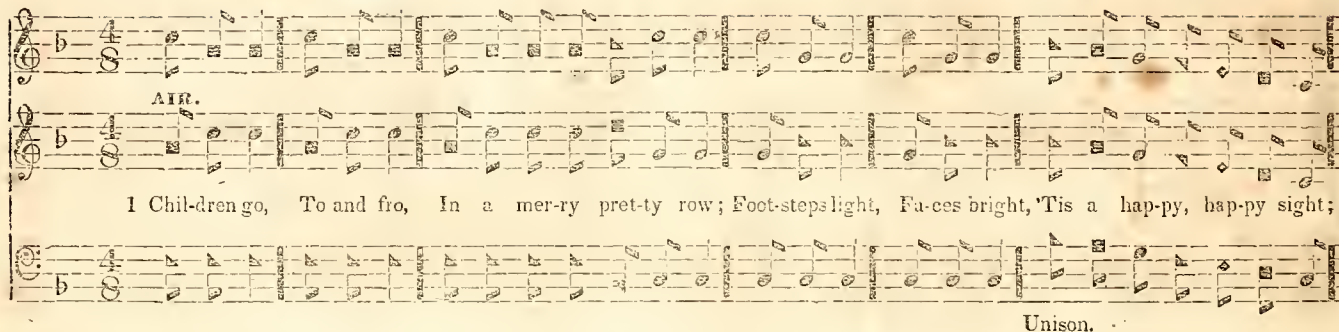
chil - dren ought to be; We nev - er should be - have a - miss, Nor need be doubt - ful long, As we may al - ways



1 To do to others as I would
 That they should do to me,
 Will make me honest, kind and good,
 As children ought to be;
 We never should behave amiss,
 Nor need be doubtful long,
 As we may always tell by this,
 If we are right or wrong.

2 I know I should not steal, or use
 The smallest thing I see.
 Which I should never like to loose,
 If it belong'd to me;
 Nor others should I treat with spite,
 Or strike an angry blow;
 Because I should not think it right,
 If they should treat me so.

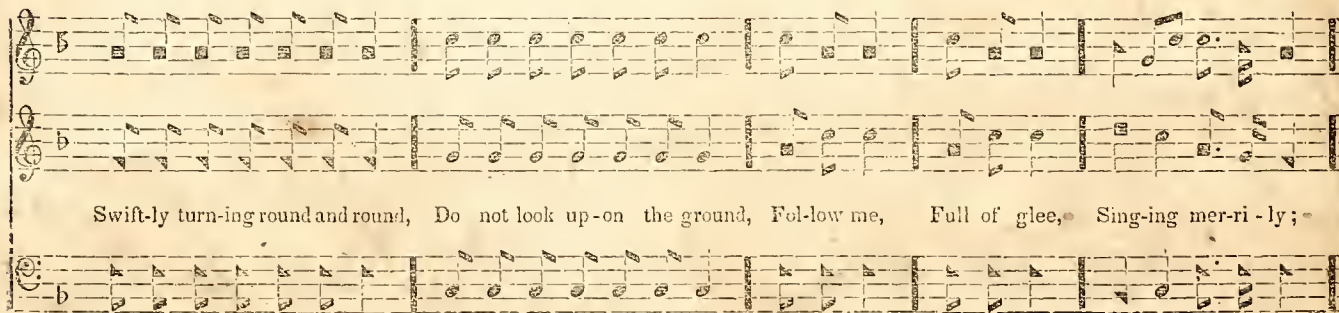
3 But any kindness they may need,
 I'll do whate'er it be;
 As I am very glad indeed,
 When they are kind to me.
 Then let me ne'er at home or school,
 In action or in word,
 Appear not to have learn'd this rule
 Of Jesus Christ our Lord.




AIR.

1 Chil-dren go, To and fro, In a mer-ry pret-ty row; Foot-steps light, Fa-ces bright, 'Tis a hap-py, hap-py sight;

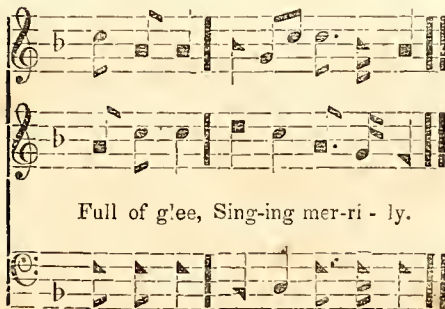
Unison.



Swift-ly turn-ing round and round, Do not look up-on the ground, Fol-low me, Full of glee, Sing-ing mer-ri-ly;



Sing-ing mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, Sing-ing mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, Fol - low me,



Full of g'ee, Sing-ing mer-ri - ly.

2 Birds are free,
So are we,
And we live as happily;
Work we do,
Study too,
Learning daily something new;
Then we laugh, and dance, and sing,
Gay as birds, or any thing.
Follow me, &c.

3 Work is done,
Play's begun,
Now we have our laugh and fun;
Happy days,
Pretty plays,
And no naughty, naughty ways,
Holding fast each other's hand,
We're a cheerful, happy band.
Follow me, &c.

AIR.

1 Come, ye chil-dren, learn to sing, Temperance songs are just the thing, Tune your voi-ces, loud and sweet, While ye one an - oth - er

greet, Cheer-i - ly, read - i - ly, come a - long, Sign the pledge and sing the song.

- 2 Blooming youth, come, sing the song,
Tune your lips, the strains prolong;
Raise your banner high in air,
Write Cold Water, write it there.
Cheerily, readily, come along, &c.
- 3 Lovely maid, the call obey,
Tune your lips, and keep away
From the wine cup and its sting;
Drink pure water from the spring.
Cheerily, readily, come along, &c.
- 4 Anxious parent, hear the call,
See your children, great and small
Sign the pledge, you them may save
From the drunkard's awful grave.
Cheerily, readily, come along, &c.

- 1 Children all, both great and small,
 Answer to the temp'rance call;
 Mary Marg'ret Jane and Sue,
 Charlotte, Ann and Fanny too,
 Cheerily, heartily come along,
 Sign our pledge and sing our song.
- 2 No strong drink shall pass our lips,
 He's in danger who but sips.
 Come, then, children, one and all
 Answer to the temp'rance call;
 Cheerily, readily come along,
 Sign our pledge and sing our song.
- 3 Where's the boy that would not shrink
 From the bondage of strong drink?
 Come then, Joseph, Charles and Tom,
 Henry, Samuel, James and John;
 Cheerily, eagerly come along,
 Sign our pledge and sing our song.
- 4 Who have mis'ry, want and wo?
 All who to the bottle go.
 We resolve their road to shun,
 And in temp'rance paths to run.
 Cheerfully, manfully come along,
 Sign our pledge and sing our song.
- 5 Good cold water does for us;
 Costs no money; makes none worse;
 Gives no bruises; steals no brains;
 Breeds no quarrels, woes, nor pains.
 Readily, joyfully come along,
 Sign our pledge and sing our song.
- 6 Who would life and health prolong?
 Who'd be happy wise and strong?
 Let alone the drunkard's bane,
 Half-way pledges are in vain.
 Cheerfully, joyfully, you and you,
 Sign the pledge and keep it too.

THE A, B, C.

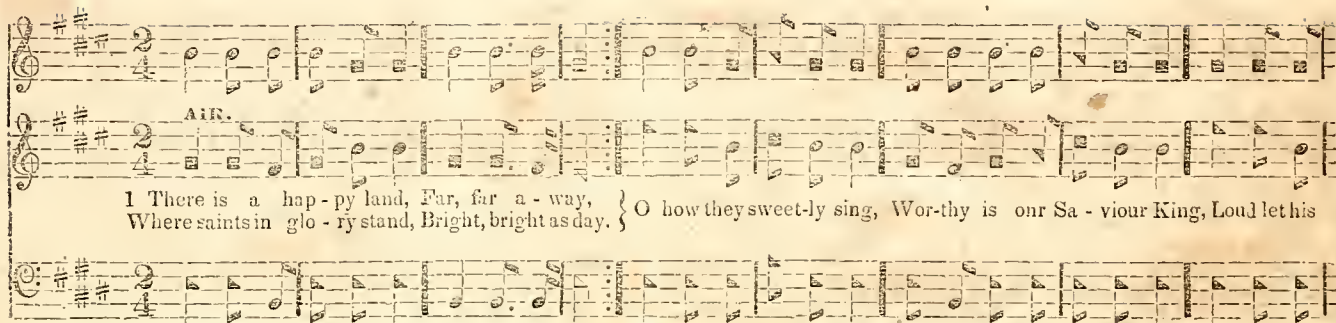
7s — 6 Lines.



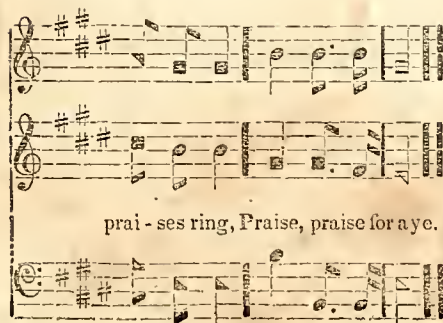
TEACHER,
 Come, dear children, let me see,
 How you sing your A, B, C:
 Now do try with all your might,
 Never cease until you're right,
 Come, now, children, form a ring,
 Then begin to march and sing.

CHILDREN.
 A, B, C, D, E, F, G,
 H, I, J, K, L, M, N,
 O, P, Q, R, S, T, U,
 V, W, X, Y, and Z.

TEACHER.
 O, P, Q, R, S, T, U,
 Now, my darlings, that will do.



1 There is a hap-py land, Far, far a-way,
Where saints in glo-ry stand, Bright, bright as day. } O how they sweet-ly sing, Wor-thy is our Sa-viour King, Loud let his



prai-ses ring, Praise, praise for aye.

2 Come to that happy land,
Come, come away;
Why will ye doubting stand,
Why still delay?
Oh, we shall happy be,
When from sin and sorrow free!
Lord we shall live with thee,
Blest, blest for aye.

3 Bright, in that happy land,
Beams ev'ry eye,
Kept by a father's hand,
Love cannot die.
Oh, then, to glory run;
Be a crown and Kingdom won;
And bright, above the sun,
We reign for aye.



1 Come, ye sin-ners, poor and wretched, Come in mercy's gracious hour; } He is a - ble, He is a - ble, He is wil-ling doubt no more,
 Je - sus rea - dy stands to save you, Full of pi - ty, love and pow'r; }



He is a - ble, he is a - ble, He is wil-ling, doubt no more.

2 Let no sense of guilt prevent you,
 Nor of fitness fondly dream;
 All the fitness he requireth
 Is to feel your need of him:
 This he gives you,
 'Tis the Spirit's rising beam,
 This he gives you,
 'Tis the Spirit's rising beam:

3 Agonizing in the garden,
 Lo! your Saviour prostratelies;
 On the bloody tree behold him;
 There he groans, and bleeds, and dies:
 "It is finish'd,
 It is finish'd;"
 Heav'n's atoning sacrifice,
 "It is finish'd,
 It is finish'd;"
 Heav'n's atoning sacrifice.

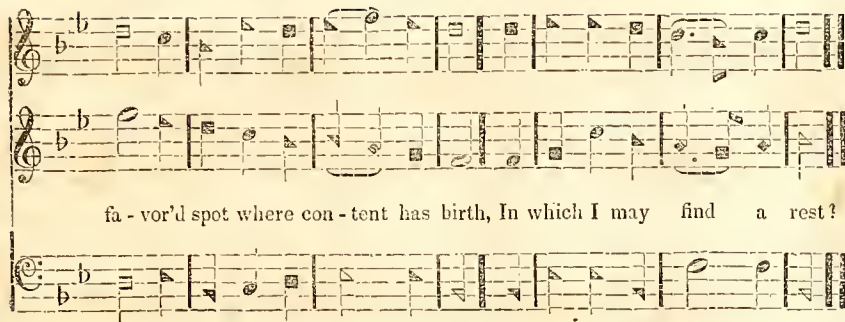
5 Lo! th'incarnate God, ascended,
 Pleads the merit of his blood;
 Venture on him, venture wholly;
 Let no other trust intrude:
 None but Jesus,
 None but Jesus
 Can do helpless sinners good,
 None but Jesus,
 None but Jesus
 Can do helpless sinners good.

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 3/4 time signature. The middle staff is also in treble clef with the same key signature and time signature, and it is marked "AIR." above the first measure. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics "Oh! had I wings like a dove, I would fly A-way from this world of care; My soul would mount to the realms on" are written below the staves, with the word "A-way" hyphenated and "on" at the end of the line.

Oh! had I wings like a dove, I would fly A-way from this world of care; My soul would mount to the realms on

The second system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 3/4 time signature. The middle staff is also in treble clef with the same key signature and time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics "high, And seek for a ref - uge there! But is there no ha - ven here on earth, No hope for the wounded breast; No" are written below the staves, with "ref - uge" and "ha - ven" hyphenated.

high, And seek for a ref - uge there! But is there no ha - ven here on earth, No hope for the wounded breast; No



1 O! had I wings like a dove, I would fly
 Away from this world of care;
 My soul would mount to the realms on high,
 And seek for a refuge there!
 But is there no heaven here on earth,
 No hope for the wounded breast;
 No favor'd spot where content has birth
 In which I may find a rest?

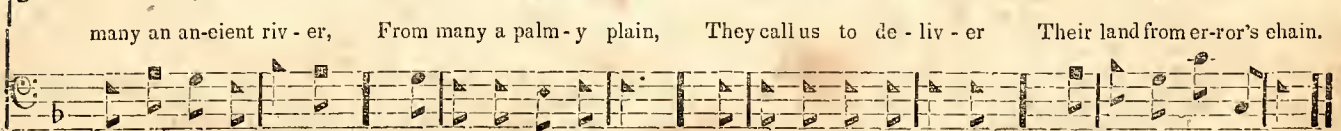
2 Oh! is it not written "believe and live,"
 The heart by bright hope allured,
 Shall find the comfort these words can give,
 And be by its faith assured.

Then why should we fear the cold world's frown,
 When truth to the heart has giv'n
 The light of Religion to guide us on,
 In joy to the paths of Heav'n?

3 There is! there is!—in thy holy word,
 Thy word which can ne'er depart;
 There is a promise of mercy stored,
 For the lowly and meek of heart.
 "My yoke is easy, my burden light,
 Then come unto me for rest;"
 These are the words of promise stored,
 For the wounded and wearied breast.



1 From Greenland's i-cy moun-tains, From In-dia's co-ral strand, Where Af-ric's sun-ny fountains, Roll down their gold-en sand; From



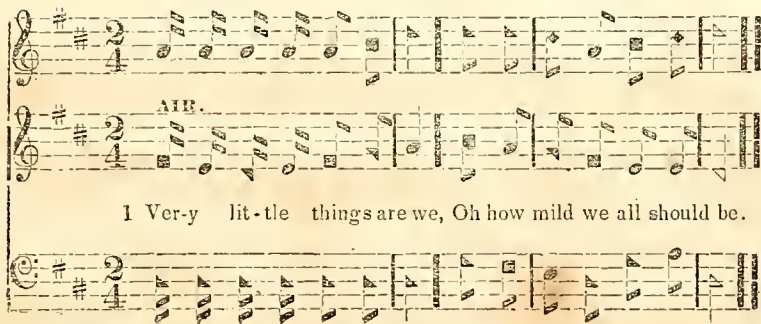
many an an-cient riv - er, From many a palm - y plain, They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er-ror's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle—
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile!
In vain with lavish kindness,
The gifts to God are stown;
The heathen in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
By wisdom from on high—
Thall we to man benighted
The lamp of life deny?—
Salvation!—oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name.

4 Waft—waft, ye winds, his story;
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransom'd nature,
The Lamb of sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

SONG FOR LITTLE SCHOLARS.

L. Mason.

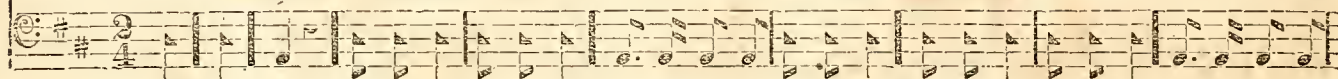
- 2 Never quarrel, never fight,
That would be a shocking sight.
- 3 Just like pretty little lambs,
Softly skipping by their dams,
- 4 We'll be gentle all the day,
Love to learn as well as play.
- 5 Very little things are we,
Oh how mild we all should be:

INVITATION.

3s, 6s, & 7s — 9 Lines.

Allegro.

Come, come, come, O'er the hills free from care, In my home true pleasures share, Blossoms sweet, flow'rs most rare, Come where joys are



found. Here the spark-ling dews of morn, Tree and shrub with gems a-dorn, Jew-els bright, gai-ly worn, Beau-ty all a-round.



2 Come, come, come,
Not a sight, not a tear,
E'er is found in sadness here,
Music soft breathing near,
Charms away each care.
Birds in joyous hours among,
Hill and dale, with gateful song,
Dearest strains here prolong,
Vocal all the air.


3 Come, com, come,
When the day's gently gone,
Evening shadows coming on,
Then, by love kindly won,
Truest bliss be thine :
Ne'er was found a bliss so pure,
Never joys so long endure;
Who would not love secure?
Who would joys-decline?

ROUND FOUR VOICES.



Sol sol sol sol do do Do re re re mi Mi fa sol sol sol sol fa Mi re do si do
Our Fath-er in heaven, We hal-low thy name: May thy King-dom ho-ly On Earth be the same.

ROUND FOUR VOICES.



Do re si do Mi fa re mi Sol sol sol sol fa mi re do Sol sol sol do
Praise ye the Lord, Praise ye the Lord! Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, Praise ye the Lord!

ALL IS WELL.

10s or 11s, 6s & 8s — 8 Lines.

AIR.

1 What's this that steals, that steals up-on my frame? Is it death! Is it death! } If this be death, I
That soon will quench, will quench this vi - tal flame? Is it death! Is it death! }

soon shall be, From ev'-ry pain and sor-row free, I shall the King of glo - ry see, All is well--All is well.

2 Weep not, my friends, my friends weep not for me,
 All is well — All is well:
 My sins are pardon'd, pardon'd I am free,
 All is well — All is well.
 There's not a cloud that doth arise,
 To hide my savior from my eyes,
 I soon shall mount the upper skies,
 All is well — All is well.

3 Tune, tune your harps, your harps, ye saints in glory,
 All is well — All is well.
 I will rehearse, rehearse the pleasing story.
 All is well — All is well.
 Bright angels are from glory come,
 They're round my bed, they're in my room,
 They wait to waft my spirit home.
 All is well — All is well.

4 Hark, hark! my Lord, my Lord and Master calls me
 All is well — All is well.
 I soon shall see, shall see his face in glory
 All is well — All is well,
 Farewell, dear friends, adieu, adieu!
 I can no longer stay with you,
 My glittering crown appears in view,
 All is well — All is well.

5 Hail, hail, all hail! all hail! ye blood-wash'd strong;
 Saved by grace — Saved by grace.
 I've come to join, to join your rapturous song,
 Saved by grace — Saved by grace.
 All, all is peace and joy divine,
 And heaven and glory now are mine;
 O, hallelujah to the Lamb.
 All is well — All is well.

ROUND FOR FOUR VOICES.



Do do sol do Mi mi do mi Sol sol mi do Sol sol do
 Love your neigh-bor, Live by la-bor, Would you pros-per, That's the way.

AIR.

1 Thy gra-cious pre-sence, O my God, My ev'-ry wish con-tains:
 With this, be-neath af-flic-tion's load (Omit.) My heart no more com-plains; } This can my ev' - ry

care con-trol, Gild each dark scene with light; This is the sun-shine of the soul; With-out it all is night.

2 Oh happy scenes of pure delight,
Where thy full beams impart
Unclouded beauty to the sight,
And rapture to the heart;
Her part in those fair realms of bliss
My spirit longs to know;
My wishes terminate in this,
Nor can they rest below.

3 Lord, shall these breathings of my heart
Aspire in vain to thee!
Confirm my hope that where thou art
I shall for ever be;
Then shall my cheerful spirit sing
The darksome hours away,
And rise, on faith's expanded wings,
To everlasting day.

HYMN. 2.

1 My God, my portion, and my love!
My everlasting all!
I've none but thee in heav'n above,
Or on this earthly ball.
In vain the bright meridian sun
Scatters his feeble light:
Thy brighter beams create my noon;
If thou withdraw, 'tis night,

2 And while upon my restless bed,
Amongst the shades I roll:
If God his light around me shed,
'Tis morning with thy soul:
To thee I owe my wealth and friends,
And health, and safe abode.
Thanks to thy name for meaner things;
But they are not my God,

3 If I possess'd the spacious earth,
And call'd the stars my own;
Without thy mercy and thy love,
I were a wretch undone.
Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore:
Grant me to see thy blissful face,
And I desire no more!

La sol sol mi sol sol sol Sol sol mi

AIR.

Come let us join and learn to sing, Fa fa mi do si do re mi re } Re do re mi do We'll sing of birds, we'll
 For mu-sic is a pret-ty thing; Fa fa mi do si do re mi re }

And thus we'll spend our lei-sure hours, Fa sol do do (Omit.) Sol sol do

D. C.

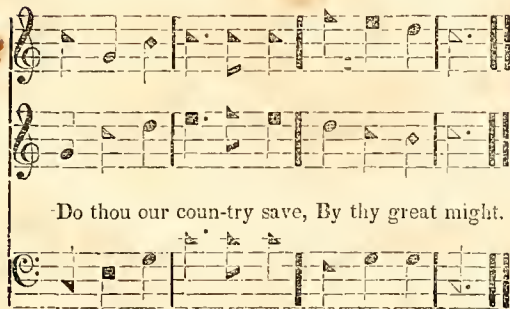
sing of flow'rs, We'll sing of pret-ty lit-tle bow'rs;

2 Come let us sing with open sound
 Fa fa mi do si do re mi re,
 And tune our voices full and round;
 Fa fa mi do si do re mi re,
 The musicscale it is so sweet,—
 We'll sing it thro' with accent;
 Then we'll ascent with — — —



AIR.

1 God bless our na-tive land, Firm may she ev - er stand Thro' storm and night! When the wild tempests rave, Ru-ler of wind and wave!



Do thou our coun-try save, By thy great might.

2 For her our pray'r shall rise,
To God above the skies;
On him we wait:
Thou who hast heard each sigh
Watching each weeping eye,
Be thou forever nigh:
God save the State.

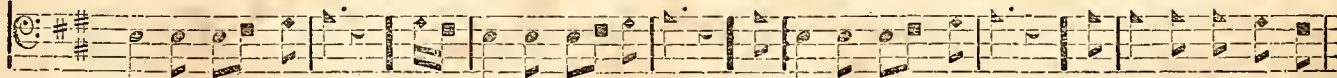
3 Bless thou our native land,
Firm may she ever stand
Thro' storm and night
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave!
Do thou our country save,
By thy great might.

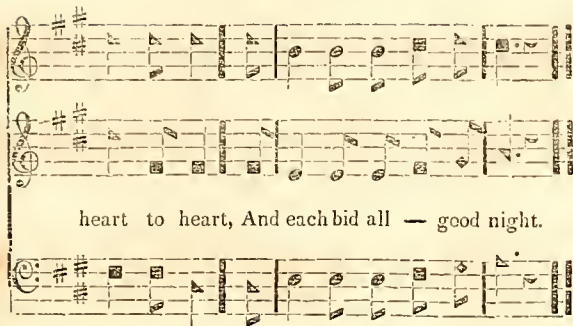


Good night, one song be-fore we part, In friend-ship and de-light; May love flow sweet-ly from heart to heart. And



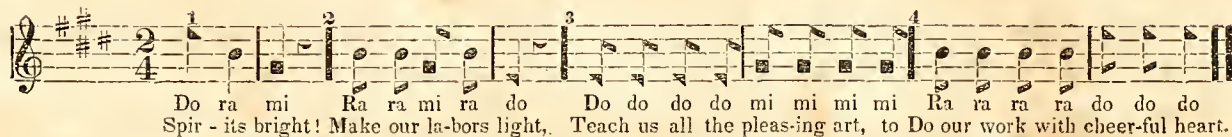
each bid all—good night. Good night, dear friends, good night, Good night, dear friends, good night; May love flow sweet-ly from





2 Good night dear friends, may happy days
 Make every vision bright
 And each one bathe in the golden rays,
 Where none will say good night.
 Good night, dear friends, good night,
 Good night, dear friends, good night;
 And each one bathe in the golden rays,
 When none will say good night.

ROUND FOR FOUR VOICES.





- 1 Spark-ling and bright, In its li- quid light; Is the wa-ter in our glas- ses: 'Twill give you health: 'Twill give you wealth:
 2 Bet- ter than gold, Is the wa-ter cold From the crys-tal foun-tain flow-ing, A calm de-light Both day and night
 3 Sor- row has fled, From the heart that bled, Of the weep-ing wife and moth-er, They're giv-en up, The poi-soned cup,

Chorus.

Ye lads and ro- sy las- ses:
 To hap- py homes be- stow- ing,
 Son, hus- band, fa- ther, broth- er; } Oh, then re- sign: Your ru- by wine; Each smi- ling son and daugh- ter: There's

noth-ing so good For the use-ful blood: Or sweet as the spark-ling wa - ter.

1 Sparkling and bright,
In its liquid light;
Is the water in our glasses:
'Twill give you health:
'Twill give you wealth:
Ye lads and rosy lasses:
O, then resign:
Your ruby wine;
Each smiling son and daughter:
There's nothing so good
For the youthful blood:
Or sweet as the sparkling water.

THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

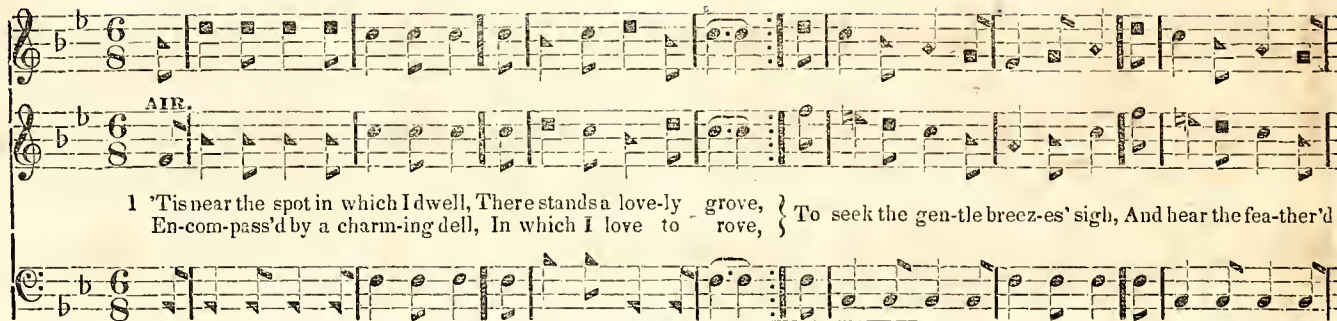
L. M. — 4 Lines.

I dear-ly love a lit-tle child, And Je-sus loved young chil-dren too,
He ev-er sweet-ly on them smiled, And placed them with his cho-sen few.

When cradled on its mother's breast,
A babe was brought to Jesus' feet,
He laid his hand upon his head,
And blessed it with a promise sweet.

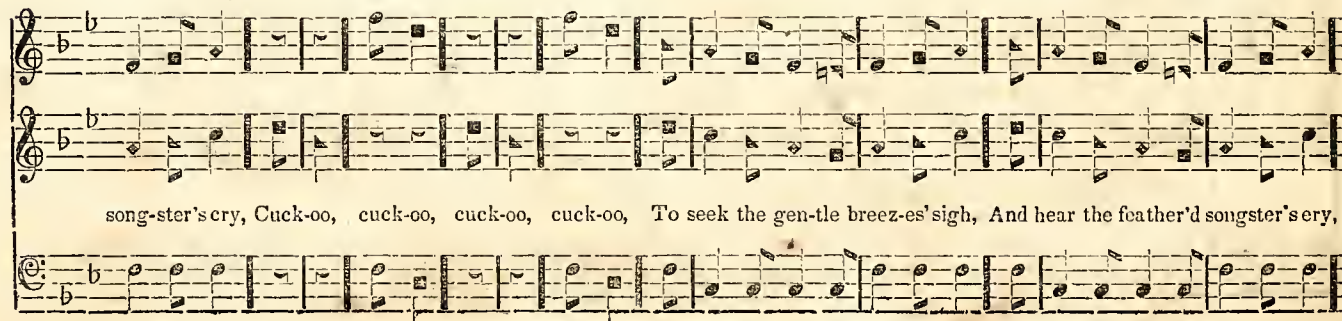
Forbid them not, the Saviour cried,
O! suffer them to come to me,
Of such my heavenly kingdom is,
Like them may all my followers be.

Young children are the gems of earth,
The brightest jewels mothers have,
They sparkle on the thrilling breast,
But brighter shine beyond the grave.

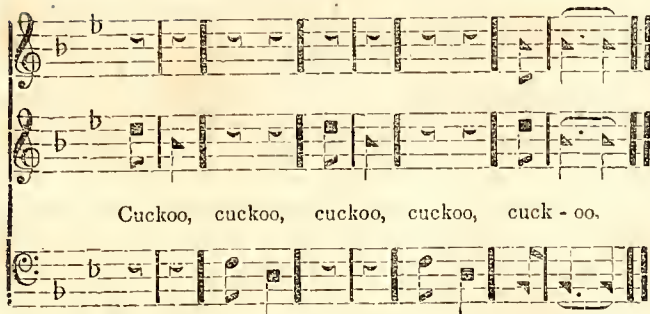


AIR.

1 'Tis near the spot in which I dwell, There stands a love-ly grove, } To seek the gen-tle breez-es' sigh, And hear the fea-ther'd
 En-com-pass'd by a charm-ing dell, In which I love to rove, }



song-ster's cry, Cuck-oo, cuck-oo, cuck-oo, cuck-oo, To seek the gen-tle breez-es' sigh, And hear the feather'd songster's ery,



2 If days of sadness e'er assail,
 I hie me to the wood,
 Where streams of pleasure never fail,
 Where all is bright and good:
 'Tis here, when no one else is nigh,
 I hear the cuckoo's cheerful cry;
 Cuckoo, &c.

3 When days of joy come o'er my head,
 I seek this charming scene,
 Alone along the valley tread,
 And view the lively green:

And who so happy then as I,
 In hearing oft the cheerful cry,
 Cuckoo, &c.

ROUND FOR TWO VOICES.



AIR.

1 Now to heav'n our pray'ras-cen-ding, God speed the right;
 In a no-ble cause con-tend-ing, God speed the right. } Be our zeal in heav'n re-cord-ed, With suc-cess on

Unison.

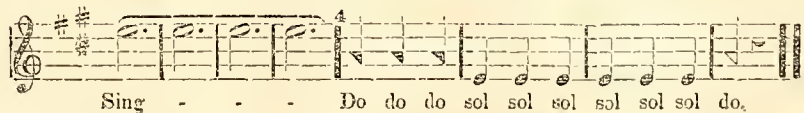
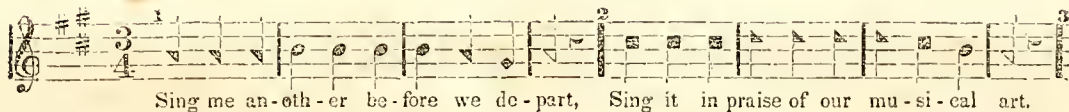
earth re-ward-ed, God speed the right, God speed the right.

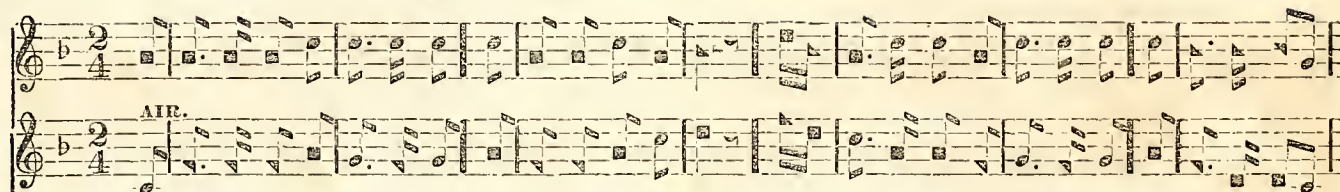
2 Be that prayer again repeated,
 God speed the right;
 Ne'er despairing, though defeated,
 God speed the right;
 Like the good and great in story,
 If we fail, we fail in glory,
 God speed the right.

3 Patient, firm, and persevering,
 God speed the right;
 Ne'er th' event nor danger fearing,
 God speed the right;
 Pains, nor toils, nor trials heeding,
 And in heavn's own time succeeding,
 God speed the right.

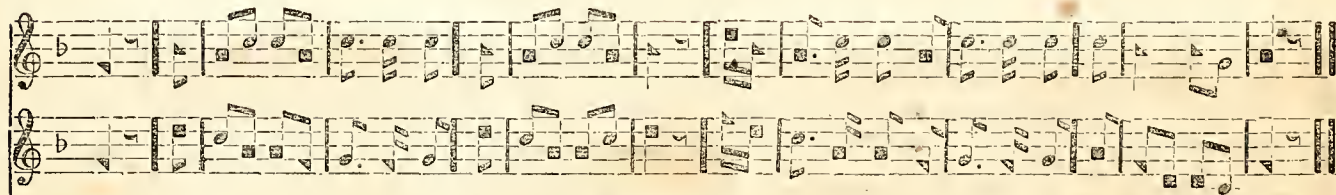
4 Still our onward course pursuing,
 God speed the right;
 Every foe at length subduing,
 God speed the right;
 Truth, our cause, whate'er delay it,
 There's no power on earth can stay it,
 God speed the right.

ROUND FOR FOUR VOICES.





1 Shall school ac-quaintance be for-got, And nev-er brought to mind? Shall school ac-quain-tance be for-got, And days of auld lang



syne? For auld lang syne at school, For auld lang syne, We'll have a thought of kind-ness yet, For auld lang syne.



- | | | |
|---|--|--|
| <p>2 We oft have run about the fields,
And culled the flowers fine;
We'll ne'er forget these hours, when they
Are auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne at school,
For auld lang syne,
We'll have a thought of kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.</p> | <p>3 We oft have cheered each other's task,
From morn till day's decline:
But memory's night shall never rest
On auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne at school,
For auld lang syne,
We'll have a thought of kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.</p> | <p>4 Then take the hand that now is warm,
Within a hand of thine;
No distant day shall lose the grasp
Of auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne at school,
For auld lang syne,
We'll have a thought of kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.</p> |
|---|--|--|

HYMN 2.

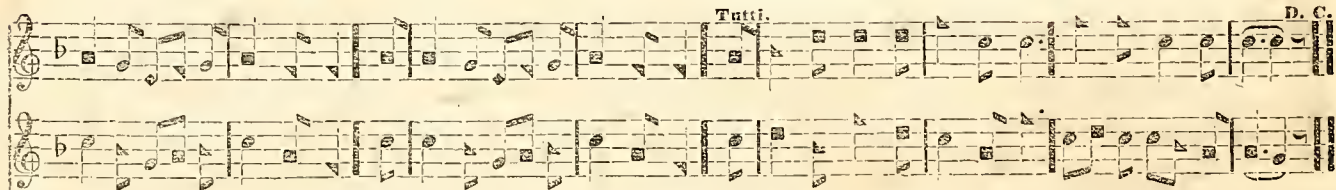
- | | | |
|--|--|--|
| <p>Bring wreaths, green wreaths, our joyful hands
The glowing tints shall twine,
To celebrate our Saviour's birth,
The "Children's Friend" Divine;
Who drew them to his sav'ring arms,
When sterner souls forbade,
And kindly on his shelt'ring breast,
Their heads reposing laid.
Bring wreaths, green wreaths, our joyful hands
Their glowing tints shall twine,
To celebrate our Saviour's birth,
The "Children's Friend" Divine.</p> | <p>But He, the babe of Bethlehem, slept
Uncradled and unsought,
No joyful hands with songs of praise,
Sweet buds and blossoms brought.
But horned brutes with heavy tread,
Their manger's guest survey'd,
And stupid oxen watch'd the bed,
Where Earth's Redeemer laid.
Bring wreaths, green wreaths our joyful hands
Their glowing tints shall twine,
To celebrate our Saviour's birth,
The "Children's Friend" Divine.</p> | <p>Sister, bring flowers! the winter rose,
Shall in our garland bloom,
For Him, who weeping Mary sought,
And found in empty tomb;
Still in our hearts the plants of love
A living stream should share,
Which, flowing from His holy word,
Shall keep them fresh and fair.
Bring wreaths, green wreaths our joyful hands
Their glowing tints shall twine,
To celebrate our Saviour's birth,
The "Children's Friend" Divine.</p> |
|--|--|--|

Allegretto.

P.



1 See where the ris - ing sun, In splen - dor decks the skies, His dai - ly course be - gun, Haste, and a - rise. Oh,



Tutti.

D. C.

come with me where vio - lets bloom, And fill the air with sweet per - fume, And where, like dia - monds to the sight, Dew - drops spar - kle bright.

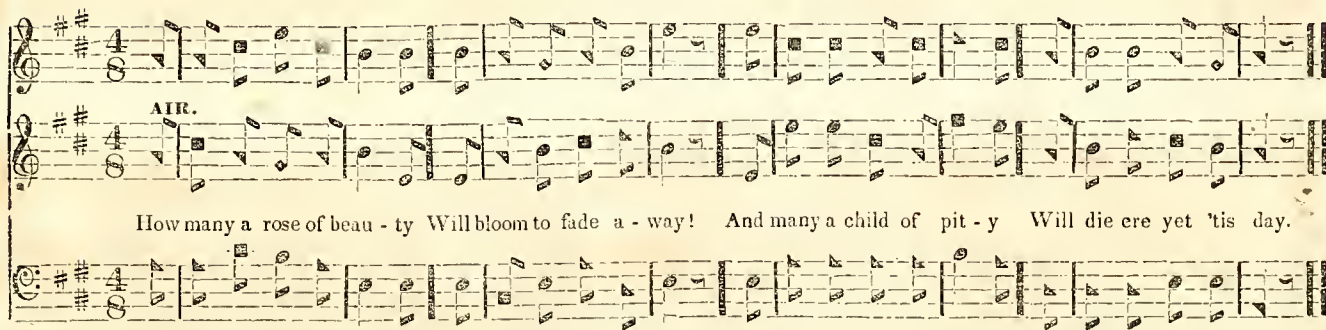


2 Fair is the face of morn;
Why should your eyelids keep
Closed when the night is gone?
Wake from your sleep!

3 Oh, who would slumber in his bed
When darkness from his couch has fled;
And when the lark ascends on high,
Warbling songs of joy!

HOW MANY A ROSE OF BEAUTY.

7s & 6s — 4 Lines.

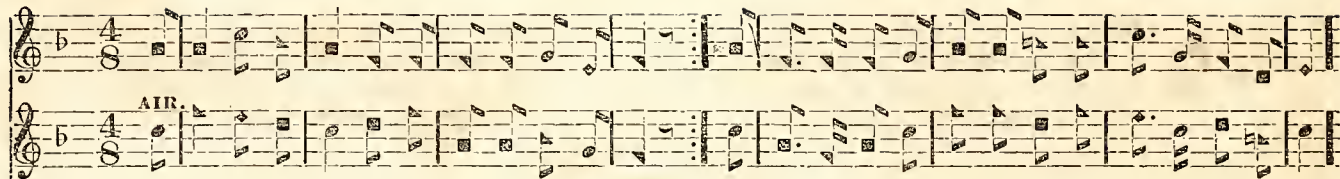


How many a rose of beau - ty Will bloom to fade a - way! And many a child of pit - y Will die ere yet 'tis day.

2 How many a gem of brightness
Lies hidden from our sight!
Yet there's a world of gladness,
Where all's revealed to light.

3 The budding flower of sweetness,
The blooming citron's shade,
Are emblems of life's fleetness
To where no foes invade.

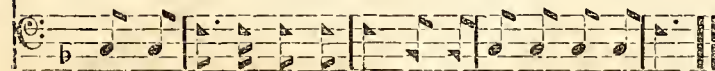
4 Then look to heaven in sorrow;
Forget all mortal care;
The past forget; the morrow
Will be eternal there.



1 Oh where, tell me where, is my lit - tle bro - ther gone? The morn - ing lark a - wakes and sings, at ear - ly dawn of day,



And I can - not play a - lone, O where doth my bro - ther stay?



- 2 Oh where, tell me where, is my little brother gone?
 Oh where, tell me where, is my little brother gone?
 The butterfly is glancing bright, across the sunbeam's track,
 Yet no more I chase its flight—Oh I wish my brother back!
- 3 Oh where, tell me where, is my little brother gone?
 Oh where, tell me where, is my little brother gone?
 The flow'rs are blooming sweetly, that we sowed around the tree,
 And the clusters load the vine—call my brother back.

Child.

4 Oh where, tell me where, is my little brother gone?
Oh where, tell me where, is my little brother gone?

Mother.

He cannot hear thy voice, my child—he cannot come to thee,
And that face that oft has smiled, thou no more on earth wilt see.

5 Oh where, tell me where, is my little brother gone?
Oh where, tell me where, is my little brother gone?

Mother.

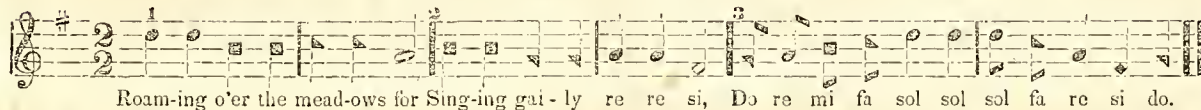
A rose's short, bright life of joy, was only to him given,
And thou now must play alone, for thy brother is in heaven.

Child.

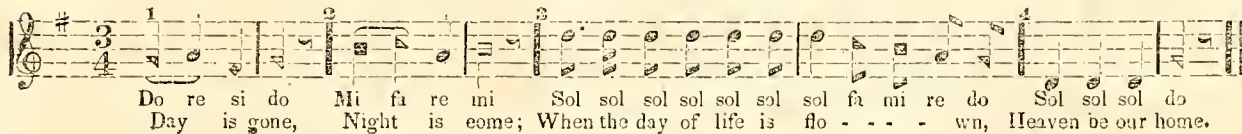
2 Alone! all alone! oh I cannot play alone!
Alone! all alone! oh I cannot play alone!
And has he left his birds and flowers and must I call in vain?
And thro' all the summers hours, will he never come again?


7 Alone! all alone! oh I cannot play alone!
Alone! all alone! oh I cannot play alone!
And by the brook, and in the glade, are all our wand'rings o'er?
Oh! while brother with me play'd, would that I had lov'd him more

ROUND FOR THREE VOICES.



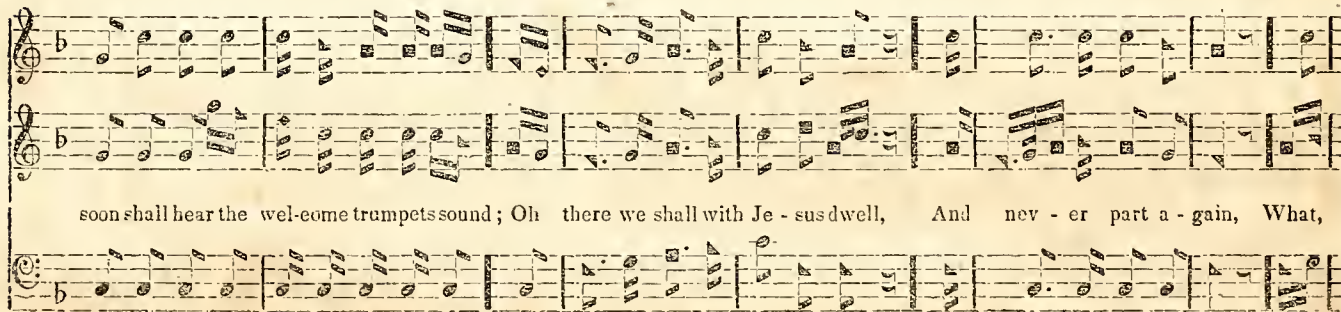
ROUND FOR FOUR VOICES.





AIR.

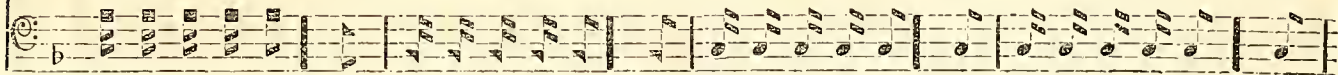
1 Je - ru - sa - lem! my hap - py home! Name ev - er dear to me! } We're marching through Immanuel's ground, We
 When shall my la - bors have an end, In joy, and peace, and thee? }



soon shall hear the wel - come trumpets sound; Oh there we shall with Je - sus dwell, And nev - er part a - gain, What,



nev - er part a - gain? No nev - er part a - gain. What, nev - er part a - gain? No, nev - er part a - gain, Oh

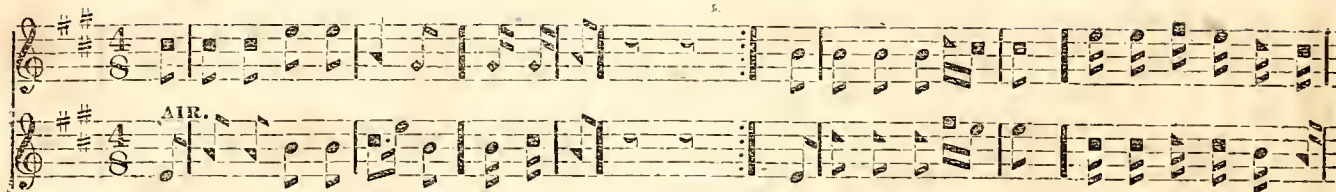


then we shall with Je - sus dwell, And nev - er part a - gain.

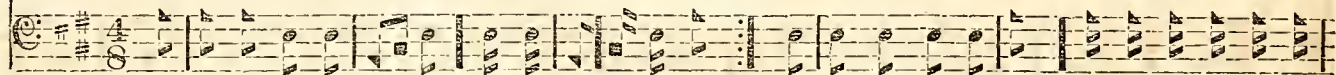


2 Oh when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend;
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end.
We're marching, &c.

3 Jerusalem! my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labours have an end,
When I thy joys shall see,
We're marching &c.



1 Our ship is light-ly bound-ing, Mad-e-lin; Mad-e-lin; } The fa-ding shore is gone — Now the sun is shi-ning
 The mer-ry winds are bound-ing, Mad-e-lin; Mad-e-lin; }



bright-ly, And the wa-ters dan-cing light-ly, Mad-e-lin, Mad-e-lin, Mad-e-lin.

1 Our ship is lightly bounding,
 Madelin;
 The merry winds are sounding,
 Madelin;
 The fading shore is gone—
 Now the sun is shining brightly,
 And the waters dancing lightly,—
 Madelin, Madelin.



2 When high the waves are rolling,
Madelin;
When loud the storm is howling,
Madelin;
Oh! then I'll think of thee—
When the billows high are roaring,
And the danger I am braving,
Madelin, Madelin.

3 When o'er the swelling ocean,
Madelin;
I view with warm emotion,
Madelin;
My own dear native shore—
To thy cottage beaming brightly,
I will haste with footsteps lightly:
Madelin, Madelin.

RAIKES.

6s & 4s — 4 Lines.



1 Come, let us bless the Lord, And serve him all our days; Hear and obey his word, And, sing his praise, And, sing his praise.

2 For he is good and great,
And boundless in his love;
Come to the mercy-seat,
His grace to prove.

3 The Lord will condescend,
To hear us from on high;
His mercy will attend
Our feeble cry.

Musical score for the song "Wake the Song of Jubilee". The score is written for three parts: Treble, Alto, and Bass. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 7/8. The word "AIR." is written above the second staff. The lyrics are: "Wake the song of ju - bi - lee; Let it ech - o o'er the sea; Let it sound from shore to shore; Je - sus reigns for

Continuation of the musical score. The lyrics are: "ev - er - more!"

- 2 Now the desert lands rejoice,
And the islands join their voice;
Now the whole creation sings,
Jesus is the King of Kings.

Fine.

AIR.

1 Lamb of God for sin-ners slain, To thee I hum-bly pray: } From this bond-age, Lord, re-lease; No lon-ger let
 Heal me of my grief and pain, O take my sins a-way. }

Je - sus, mas-ter, seal my peace, And take me to thy breast!

D. C.

me be oppress.

2 Wilt thou cast a sinner out,
 Who humbly comes to thee!
 No, my God, I cannot doubt:
 Thy mercy is for me:
 Let me then obtain the grace,
 And be of paradise possess:
 Jesus, master, seal my peace,
 And take me to thy breast!

4 This delight I fain would prove,
 And then resign my breath!
 Join the happy few whose love
 Was mightier than death!

3 Worldly good I do not want:
 Be that to others giv'n;
 Only for thy love I pant;
 My all in earth or heav'n;
 This the crown I fain would seize,
 The good wherewith I would be blest,
 Jesus, master, seal my peace,
 And take me to thy breast!

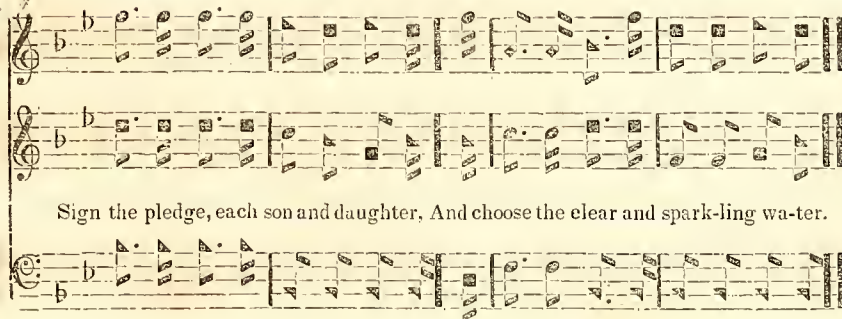
Let it not, my Lord, displease,
 That I would die to be thy guest!
 Jesus, master, seal my peace,
 And take me to thy breast!

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top two staves are for treble clef instruments, both in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The top staff contains a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes. The middle staff is marked 'AIR.' and contains a more melodic line with some longer notes. The bottom staff is for a bass clef instrument, also in G major and 2/4 time, providing a harmonic accompaniment with eighth and sixteenth notes.

1 Chil-dren . of Je - ru - sa - lem Sung the praise of Je - sus' name; Chil-dren, too, of mod - ern days, Join to

The second system of the musical score continues the piece with three staves. The top two staves (treble clef, G major, 2/4) continue the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The bottom staff (bass clef, G major, 2/4) continues the harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics continue across the staves.

sing the Sa-viour's praise: Hark! hark! hark! While in-fant voi-ces sing — Hark! hark! hark! While in-fant voi-ces sing. Loud ho-

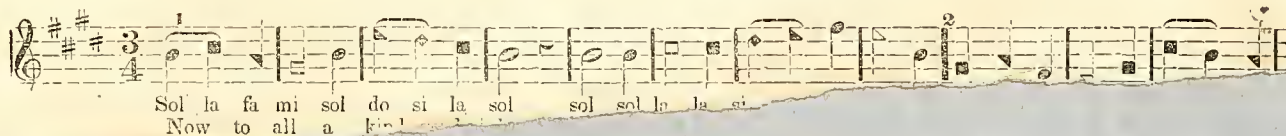


Sign the pledge, each son and daughter, And choose the clear and spark-ling wa-ter.


'Twill keep the roses on your cheek,
Preserve your spirit mild and meek;
Your eye will beam expression bright,
Your mind improve in wisdom's light.
Yes, sign the pledge, each son and daughter,
And choose the clear and sparkling water.

It makes the home of labor sweet,
And happy faces there you'll greet;
It leads the way to honest wealth,
And gives earth's choicest blessing, health.
Then sign the pledge, each son and daughter,
And choose the clear and sparkling water.

ROUND FOR THREE VOICES.



Sol la fa mi sol do si la sol sol sol la si
Now to all a kin



AIR.

1 These are months that oc - cur in a year Just in the or - der, they all ap - pear Jan - ua - ry one,



2 March is the third, April the fourth
 Now old winter is far in the north,
 May is the fifth the last of the spring
 June is the sixth and summer doth bring.

3 Seven July both warm and dry,
 August the eight will soon pass by
 September and autumn doth bring



1 We stand here to- geth- er with cou- rage and will, Re- solved the right cause to main- tain; } For the right! For the right here un-
 With hearts true and con- stant, what- ev- er may come, We firm as the rocks will re- main; }



Unison.

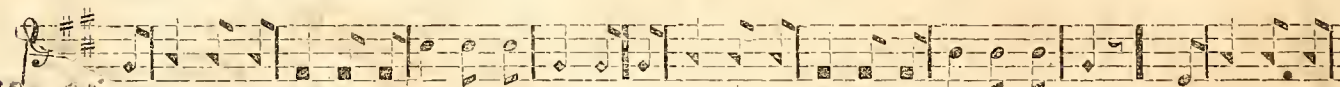
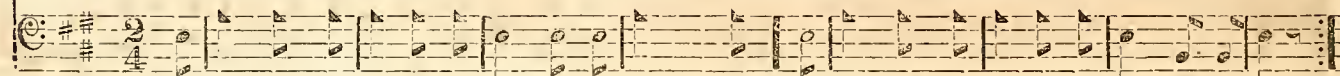


2 An aim and a purpose be formed in each heart,
 Which yet must awake in their might,
 To raise the degraded, relieve the oppressed
 And fearlessly stand for the right.
 For the right! For the right here unflinching.
 So pleased

flinch- ing was



1 How sweet is the plea-sure on May's love-ly morn - ing, To rove o'er the mead-ows all blithesome and free!)
 With gar-lands of flowers our tem - ples a - dorn - ing, And dan - cing and sing-ing with high mer-ry glee.)



August and September and autumn down.

for

340
160

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660

